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Quarterly

Quarterly

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS

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This new QUARTERLY has so been planned that it cater to the varied intellectual levels of students on the campus.

We have sought to give recognition to those departments of the university which do not usually produce material for a literary publication.

We are dedicated to a literature that is modern and fresh, but yet expressing the universal and timeless ideas of man.

Above all, the QUARTERLY is *your* magazine—and ours.

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About Our Authors

shirley bathaway '52 is an English major aiming for magazine work.

phil frankel '52 majors in geology and is a nature lover.

bob davis '52 fulfills in poetry the "need to talk about important things".

bob boland '52 is one of those rare people interested in all the arts.

luise moncey '53, who has played her accordion in night clubs for the past five years, is a French major.

zane bower '51 has experimented with many kinds of painting.

chaleo komarakul, a student in the landscape architecture department, comes from Siam.

joan france '51, another major in landscape architecture, is interested in design.

william l. estes '52 currently writes for his course in creative writing.

richard a. andrews '51, philosophy major whose goal in life is missionary work.

john sniado '53 as a chemical engineer expresses his interpretations of the world through poetry.

maxi tarapata '52 is a chemistry major who wants to work for a magazine.

bill mcgrath '52 returned to college after leaving the service to acquire the prestige of a formal education.

leo coben '51 is a poultry major who has wooed the English department for four years.

lloyd sinclair '51, a landscape architect who has a flair for both creative and newspaper writing.

Far From The Hill

The day had been a long one. A smothering, suffocating sun had penetrated the room while Beatrice, weary and spiritless, stood over the hot iron. Age had disfigured her until clothes were no more than a covering for her despairing body. Her hair, yellow and stringy, was drawn back tightly into a pug and around the hair lines, droplets of sweat formed to stream down her smutty face. Outside a train rumbled by on the track, leaving a spray of coal dust which settled over everything—the shirt, her dress, and her warted nose.

With a loathing, half-hearted manner, she set the iron on the board, wiped her face with a corner of her greasy apron, and dragged her bulk to a shabby broken chair by the window — to rock again. Always she must rock.

Seth heard the whistle of the train as it crossed the road by the grain mill, and with a slow, methodical gait, stepped off the platform. The cars were filled with working men — grimy, filthy, smoky, rancid working men — shouting, coarse, bickering, hating working men. Seth fell in line with the shoving elbows, heavy feet, distorted faces. His mind tried to function. What was it Beatrice had told him to get at the store? Bread? No, he had bought bread last night. Perhaps she hadn't told him to get anything. With a grunt of pain, he was shoved by the heavy Swede behind him into the already overcrowded car.

"Now, ye wouldn' be takin' me seat, would ye?" Seth moved laboriously out of the way of the Irishman. It seemed that the days came and went, but still people were quibbling about seats, the weather, and the war. It had always been this way since he and Beatrice had come down from northern Vermont to send their Jim through college. Jim was their son, their only son, born when Beatrice was in her early forties. And where was Jim now?

Seth wiped a greasy hand across his bewhiskered face, and with a sigh, turned his mind to Beatrice and his home. The blaring of horns, the blasting of radios in the tenements, and the constant rumbling of voices and the train on the track, forced Seth into reverie. He pictured the old farm, the corn in the fields, the stout apple trees; the dogs in the morning when he and his Pa had gone down to milk; the smell of griddle cakes and syrup, his Ma's apple pies; the soft bed in the

hay-mow and the water down in Flakes' Pond. A man's lunch box hit him in the stomach as the cars jolted to a sudden stop, and the mob poured out like the slow bursting of a dam.

* * * *

"Pa! Pa!" Jim rushed up the steps to the top floor and stormed into the room. Seth was standing over the kitchen sink, shaving with a long razor.

"I didn't do it, Pa! I didn't do it! Don't let them get me, Pa!" He dabbed unsuccessfully at a gash in his forehead; the blood continued to stream down his face.

Seth looked at the boy and went back to his shaving. Jim leaned against the door, wild-eyed. "Pa! Do something."

"Son, a man can't do much of anything 'til he knows what the doings about. Now if'n you'd jest set down, and let your Ma bind up that cut of yours, we'll listen to what you've got to say—"

Already Beatrice was crying — blubbering, then wailing sounds that caused the small room to vibrate. She never was a woman to stand the sight of pain, thought Seth, as he took a damp wash rag and sopped the side of Jim's face. Outside the wind was howling, bringing on the first snow of the winter; the windows rattled, while a sifting of white filtered in over the black dust on the sill.

Jim cringed. Quietly Seth cleaned the cut. "Now, son, supposin' you tell us what you're so feared of."

The boy, hearing his father's voice — calm, deliberate, soft — drew a choppy breath. "Pa, I was drivin' the car down by the Ferry, an' this big truck came pullin' out of Cambridge Street. I had the light, Pa. I swear I had the light. An' this truck pulled out in front of me, an' I couldn't stop in time, Pa. I tried to put my foot on the brake, Pa! I tried to swing out — I tried not to hit him, Pa, but I couldn't help it. Oh, Pa! What am I going to do?"

Seth pulled his hat over his cropped hair, and picked up his coat. "Son, we're going back an' make amends to the truck. No son of mine is going to run away from something that's his blame. We'll fix it up somehow. I imagine your Ma and I can get up a little to pay the man for damages."

Jim bolted. The wind wound through the streets in bitter shrieks. Darkness turned the outside world into an infinite terror, as the snow played tricks with shadows on the pane. At the corner of Cambridge and Ferry, a torn, rumpled coat hid the body of a little boy, dashed against a lamp-post amid broken glass and rusty steel—

"No, Pa. I ain't going back."

Seth was growing old. He felt very tired tonight as he limped up the squeaky steps. It was another winter. Back home, he fancied he saw the sleighs on the dirt roads, the burning logs in the fireplaces, the popcorn and the husking bees — and sugar-on-snow. These last few years he had longed for the old home, especially since Beatrice was mostly uncommunicable, speaking only to herself in guttural tones, and singing dispassionately off key, throughout the long evenings. Jim was away at college, and although Seth seldom heard from him, he hoped the lad was doing well. His son, a doctor. There had been trouble. Jim's marks and his actions did anything but recommend him for a college career. But Seth had plodded, argued, and bribed. He wished he knew exactly what was bothering Jim; especially since the accident, he had behaved differently. It had bothered Seth. — — Laughter caught his deafening ear as he reached the top of the stairs — boisterous, drunken laughter.

"Jimmie! Fresh Jimmie! You leave your little old Natalie alone. Stop it, Jimmie. You're hurting me. Oh! Jimmie. Look at your mother. Isn't she funny, the way she just sits and grins and rocks. She gives me the creeps. Let's get out of here, Jimmie."

Seth opened the door, and looked pathetically upon the scene before him. A wet and crumpled tablecloth lay heaped on the floor; dirty dishes were piled in the sink, half-filled bottles on the shelves. Beatrice's red geranium was crushed under a stick of wood thrown in the middle of the room. Jimmie looked up from his perch on the couch where a baby-doll blond, lavishly plastered with lipstick, was stroking his hear. Beatrice appeared not to notice him at all, but continued to sit, and grin, and rock.

"Pa!" Jimmie stood shakily, thrusting Natalie out before him, and staggering to the table. "Pa! Come in. I wantcha to meet my wife, Natalie." — Natalie giggled, and drew Jimmie again to her on the couch.

Seth blinked. His bent head dropped lower on his chest as he fumbled without success at a button on his coat. Is this my son? Seth wondered, shaking his head to clear his eyes of the smoke and the faint tears that were gathering there. Oh, God! Where have I failed? Why did you do this to me? He looked from the smiling little face in the portrait on the table to the ruffled, coarse-looking man on the couch. Oh, no. This isn't my Jim. — Oh, Gold, Help me.

"Son, it's good to see you." The tears raced through the stubble on his wrinkled face, and Seth choked back a sob. Years of labor, of

heartache, of lying, saving, of pain — and for this?

"Pa" — Jim was saying — "Me and Natalie got married last night. Aren't you going to congratulate us?"

My son, you've done this to me. Seth coiled. A lifetime's emotions sprang to his lips.

"Get out, Jim. An' take your wife with you. Your Ma and I don't want no more of you. I'm tired of puttin' up with you, son, an' your drunkenness, an' your runnin' around. I thought you'd be a man enough to stick to what you'd planned to do. But you ain't no man. You ain't no son of mine any more. You ain't got the courage of a rat."

Jim rose quite steadily and faced the old man. If he was stuned, he scarcely showed it. If he had any feelings at all, he covered them well.

Slowly he spoke. "I'm sorry, Pa. I'm sorry I turned out like this. But you got to expect it of a man whose father spent twenty years in the Pen — for murder. Murder, Pa! It doesn't sound good, does it?"

Seth came near collapsing. His head spun and he grasped a chair to hold himself erect. Jim was still talking, but Seth didn't hear him. His mind leaped back to a small brook running into Flakes' Pond, and the morning he found a man lying there. Blood was painting the brook a faint red, blood gushing from a bullet wound in the man's head. Seth shuddered. His gun, they had said. There had been a trial — and Seth went away.

"What chance do you think a man's got anywhere when people know that his father's a no-good? Do you think a man can stand being condemned all his life? When a man finds out that his Pa isn't quite so good as he thought he was, it's almost enough to go out and commit murder yourself — like running into a little boy and smashing his body to pieces because you think he hasn't any more right to live happily than you have."

"All right, Pa. We're leaving. Don't expect to hear from us again. But someday my son will carry the torch. He'll be a big man, a big name. He ain't going to be brought up like I was, the son of a murderer."

Seth clasped his head in his hands and sat very still. How tired he was, and how old.

A train shot by on the track, shaking the house. A child screamed somewhere down the street; tires screeched on the street below — Beatrice rocked.

phil frankel

The King Of The Mountain

There is, to be sure, nothing more refreshing than a walk along the snow covered streets of a town, for here the meanest aspects of civilization are covered with snow, while children coast on their sleds and play in the drifts. Walking through town a few days after a heavy snow, I approached a great crowd of people who were milling about impatiently, mitigating their impatience with the sort of small talk so often heard in lines of the waiting. Upon inquiry, I was told that they were waiting to pass along the path, but there was obviously an obstruction in the road, which caused this great crowd to accumulate. I made my way to the head of the line, and there beheld a surprising spectacle; several men, not boys but men, were engaged in what seemed to be a game of "King of the Mountain".

I remember, about ten years ago, the boys used to play that game. One of us would climb to the top of a great mound of snow or sand, then the others would try to knock him down and usurp his place. But these men, it seemed, played by different rules. I noticed that most of them were wearing caps and gowns, as if they were members of an academic procession (I think some of the faces were familiar). The old man who was currently the "King" was standing atop the heap, doing nothing but flexing his muscles, pounding his chest, and occasionally bellowing a rather spiritless war-cry. Meanwhile, the men around him were doing the same thing. Occasionally, one of them might throw a snowball into the crowd. The men were not trying to usurp the "King's" place, but just stood about flexing their muscles and pounding their chests. On each side of the path rose buildings, upon whose sides were carved many initials, such as Ph.D., B.A., M.S., and C.L.A. There were also the names of the most well known universities, and such words as Administration, Legislature, and the Public. When a girl came to a window, one of the men would bellow louder and pound his chest more strongly. The appearance of a girl at the window under the inscription "The Public" incited a man who held a football in one hand and a dumbbell in the other to try to get her attention. So it went, each of the scholars wooing his girl. Meanwhile, one of the crowd might shout angrily at the men, and would, for his trouble, be either ignored com-

pletely or hit by a snowball. At one time the "King" threw a snowball, which action caused the skirt of his gown to fly up, and I saw that he was planted in a hole depressed by his long standing in the same place. Moreover, he was secured to this position by a coil of red tape around his ankles.

I should not say that all the men about the pile were only flexing their muscles, for some of them were trying to enlarge the path so the crowd might go through, but they were being ignored or bombarded with snowballs by their colleagues, and, thus discouraged, they sometimes left the scene completely.

Occasionally one of the crowd would throw a match on the pile, but the match went out immediately. I heard some one whisper "Damn him, he came here when nobody used this path and nobody wanted to get to the top of the heap, and he set himself up there." A few people passed this barricade, however, although the local police did little more than to distribute portable stoves to the waiting throng.

The old man fell over dead, finally, and another of the breast-beaters stepped into his place as a general subdued moan arose; still no one did anything. This strange amusement was still in progress when I returned to my room and chuckled myself to sleep over what was, perhaps, a serious situation.

bob davies

In These Maple Woods

Red buds come and go in May;
Radical hopes will not stay.
New green leaves swell
And but stems are red.
Come funny old October
The old hopes rise again.
In these maple woods
Sound the oboes of the sky
The wind-hounds rush in
And there is a rustling of leaves.
Radical hopes will not stay;
Red buds come and go in May.

bob boland

Quoth The Raven

When a poet writes a poem,
Should he fill it up with verse?
Should he deal in words apocryphal?
Must he try to be so terse?

Today I sat with poets,
In a "paste and cardboard cell."
And all it seemed they talked of
Was their "sardine can" of hell.

The conversation went like this:
(In syllabic terms noet—)
"We'll have to write that backwards,
the meanings there as yet."

"Let's not make the lines too normal,
or have the endings rhyme
instead it should be abstract,
and deal with seeds of time."

"Now do you think the peasants,
will catch what it's about?
Let's be a bit more cryptic,
leave all the pronouns out!"

And so they wrote a poem,
(They symbolized each line)
But when they had it finished,
It made less sense than mine!

luise moncey

Execution

I

Rub your hands on the iron cot and
Cross the date from a day too long.
Rub your dampened scalp for spheres of
Unswat water.
But do not touch the bars.

II

Listen to a world of keys and
Hear the call of Opinion.
Listen to the swinging of
Knotted rope
That we will fill too soon.

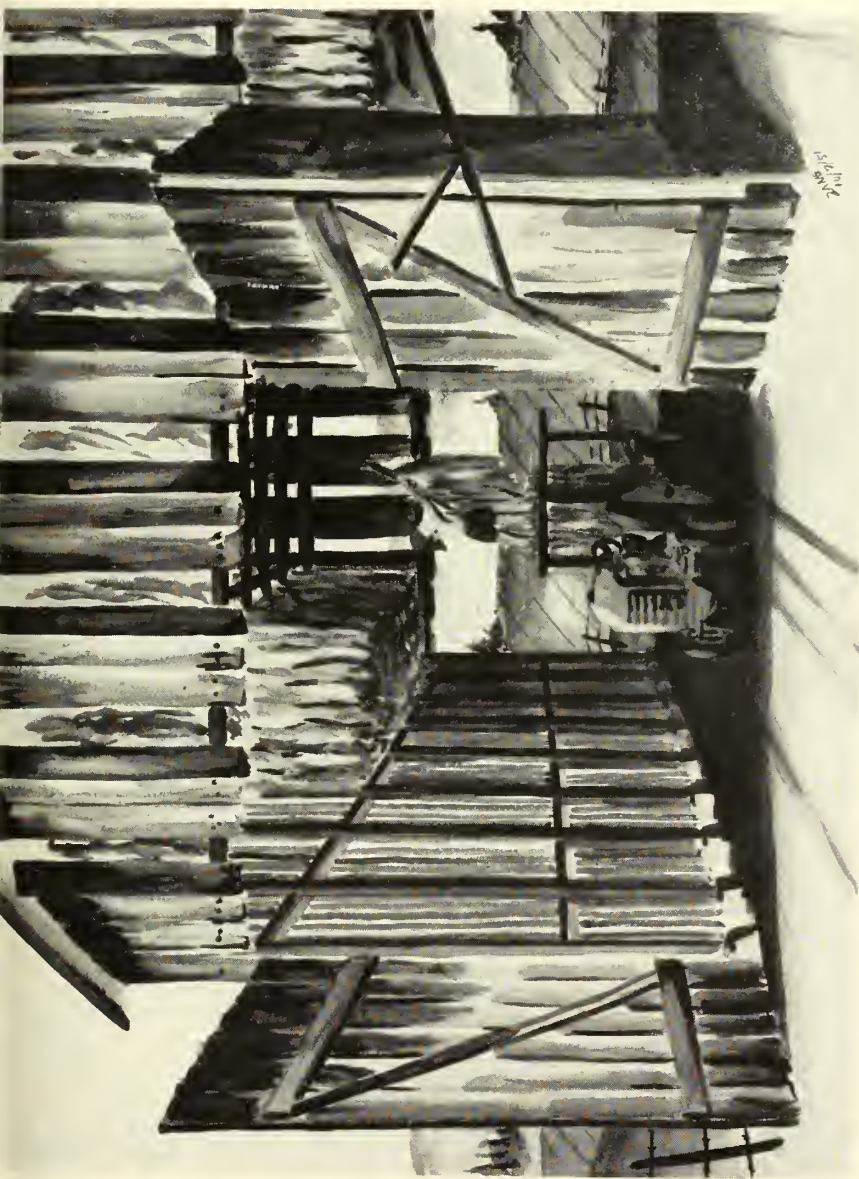
III

Look at stone-fed floors and
Laugh at spitting guard.
Look at spot of sun that walks from
Wall to wall.
But look not through the bars.

IV

One hour is yours.
Tread the reddened dates and
Clench your hands.
Your voice is hollow—your nails are
Broken.
But your feet will walk.

The Noose is filled;
The Sun walks back the stone-fed floor.



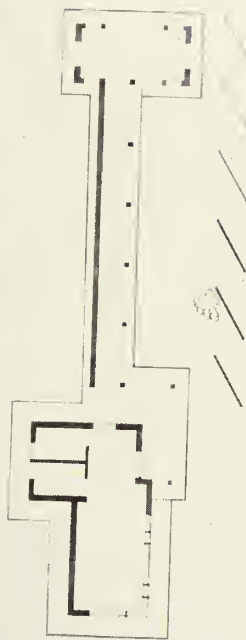
zane bower

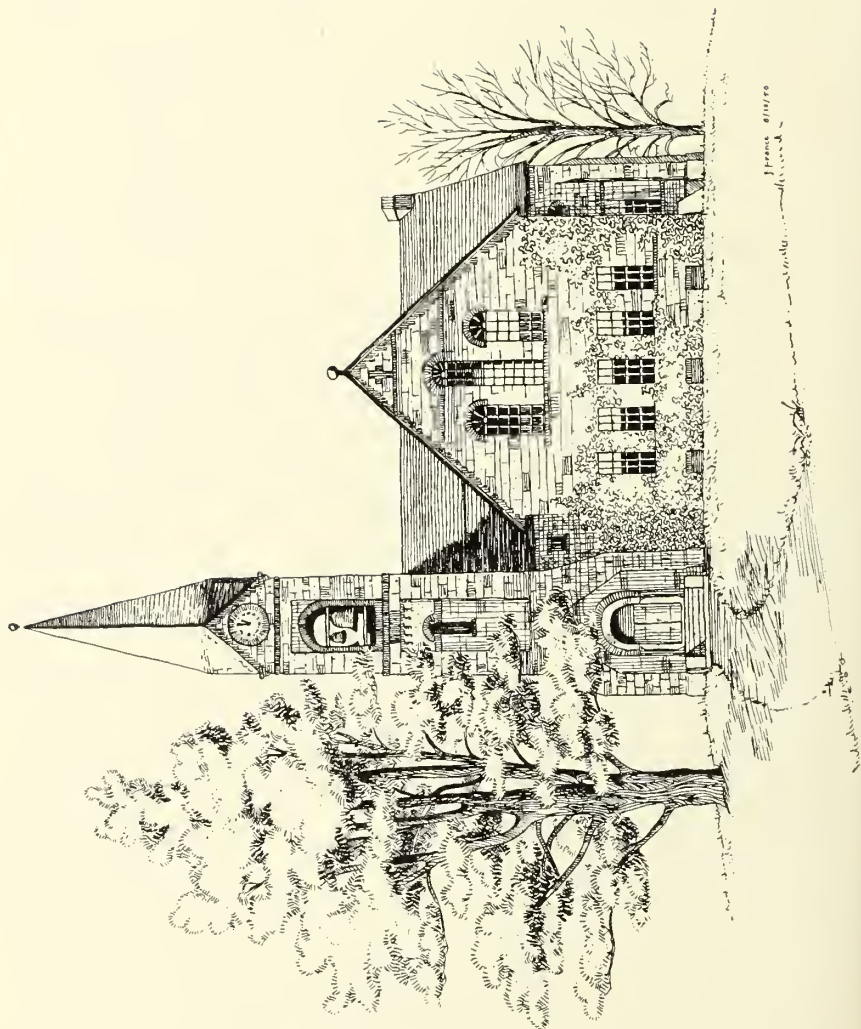
Tobacco



Chaleo komarakul

Water-Color





Pen and Ink

joan franc

william l. estes

Lonely

It was a hot night. The air was almost heavy and wet enough to be cut with a knife and breathing was more on the side of work than of reflex action. I put on a light gray gabardine suit and went outside to where my car was parked in front of the house. The door on the side of the driver was held closed with a piece of clothes line rope so I got in on the right side, slid across the seat, tied together two wires that served as the ignition switch, and started the old bus. As yet I wasn't sure just where I wanted to go but I thought that maybe the air out in the country would be a little cooler on a night like this so I headed west on route nine.

About thirty miles later the air began to feel a lot cleaner and I looked around for a place to stop. In that section of the country there aren't many houses nor many public places either, so I stopped at the first red and green tavern sign that I saw. I parked in front of the place and looked it over before I went inside. From the outside it appeared to be a remodeled barn, painted a rustic brown and flaunting four large picture windows with various neon signs glaring in each one. I untied my door and got out of the crate.

The inside of the place had been finished off in knotty pine, and the beams going across the ceiling were still exposed. I'd bet my new suit against a box of tooth picks that those hand hewn timbers were better than a hundred years old. I went down to the bar at the further end of the long rectangular room and ordered a beer from the bar-tender. He was an old boy about sixty with a white mustache that hung down at the corners of his mouth. He had on a faded blue shirt with the sleeves rolled up revealing a pair of hairy forearms. Three other old boys stood at the bar talking about the hot weather. They stopped momentarily to look me over and then went back to their beers and their conversation. All of them were dressed in dungarees and gray work shirts.

Except for one young couple dancing and those of us at the bar the place was deserted. I felt pretty much out of place so I took my tie off and shoved it into one of my side coat pockets. It was cooler that way too. I ordered another glass of beer and looked around when I heard the door open. A girl of about twenty-two walked in and took one of the booths to the side half way down the

room. The bar-tender walked out around the bar to see what she wanted. He came back and mixed up a Tom Collins and went back to her booth with it.

In the next half hour he carted four of those drinks down to her booth and I packed away about six beers. The music coming out of the juke box at the other end of the room was on the slow side and it gave me the urge to do a little dancing myself. I asked the old boy behind the bar whether the girl sitting down there was married, waiting for somebody, or just drinking. He answered that she was just sitting.

I ordered a Tom Collins and another beer and carried the two drinks down to her booth and sat down opposite her. "How's about a dance?" I asked. She looked up and nodded and we slid out onto the floor.

I'd guessed her age about right as far as I could tell, but sometimes it's hard to figure a woman's age when she's between twenty and thirty. She was wearing a dark blue dress. It had a V neckline and a belt at the waist. She filled it well. Her hair was a dark chestnut, cut long so that it nearly touched her shoulders. I guess she was one of the few girls who realized that most men don't go for these short cuts that all the fashion bigwigs were ranting and raving about.

As usual I was slow on the conversation. It's always easy to make the first punch, but after that I'm confused for a while. The music came to a stop and we walked back to the booth. She picked up her new drink and thanked me for both it and the dance.

"That's okay. Is it always this slow around here?"

"That depends on what you mean by slow," she replied. "On Saturday nights you're lucky to find room to dance much less a place to sit. During the week days most normal people stay home with their families like they're supposed to do."

"And you?"

"I'm not normal," she replied.

"That's sweet. No family?"

"I didn't say that," she answered flatly.

I thought that one over for a few seconds and then said, "Let's dance."

Out on the floor I felt more comfortable. She didn't dance too close nor did she shy off like a dog that's been beaten too many times. "My name's Bill Kenyon. I've got a family, parents that is. A kid sister, too."

"You can call me Maria. I'm glad to hear that you're not a Jones. I bet I've met more men by the name of Jones than the national directory lists. What makes men lie so much?"

"Probably because they know it takes a lot of lying to convince a woman that they're telling the truth. Let's go back and sit down."

Things were quiet again for a few minutes while she did a diligent job of spearing the cherry in the bottom of her drink with a tooth pick. I waved to the bar-tender to bring over refills for the both of us. She finally captured the cherry, ate it, and then looked up at me.

"Just why did you come over here in the beginning? Do I look like the type?"

I looked into her deep brown eyes and decided that she didn't really look like much of anything except a woman of twenty-two who was drinking by herself until I came over. "Let's just say that I was lonely standing up there at the bar and I felt like dancing," I answered.

"You can't dance sitting down," she replied.

The old boy brought our drinks and I gave him some money and told him to put the change in the juke box. We got up again and tried some more dancing. On the second number she rested her head on my shoulder and began to hum softly. The third tune had her whispering something about leaving the place so we went back to the table, picked up her pocket book and my cigarettes and went out the door.

It was still hot out but a little breeze helped make it easier to breathe. We got into my car and I asked her where she wanted to go.

"Anyplace. You're doing the driving."

"That's all true," I replied, "but I'm new to this area and don't know where anything or anyplace is."

She pointed out her window and said, "Go down this way about a mile, and then take a right on the first dirt road you come to."

I wheeled the car around and followed her directions. The back road she spoke of was really something. There was grass growing in the middle and the tire tracks were nothing more than ruts. I bounced the old crate along for about a half mile before she touched me on the arm and told me to stop.

"Very interesting place to stop," I said. "Nothing but trees on two sides and ratty road behind and ahead of us."

She looked at me and said, "So what?"

I turned on my radio and found some music. "What do you do

for a living, Maria?" I asked.

"I work."

"By day or by night?"

For that remark I received a smack across the left side of my face that made my eyes water. "Sorry," I said.

"You ought to be," she answered.

I leaned over to her and put my arms around her shoulder. She looked up and I saw that her eyes were wet, too. I really felt sorry then, but I kissed her anyway. Just a slow kiss to start with but it didn't end that way. I thought that was pretty good so I tried again, and this time it was even better.

Then she pushed me off and said, "Take me home, Bill, I want to show you something."

I started the car up and backed out the half mile we came in. Once on the main road again she directed me up to the front of a tidy little bungalow. I stopped the car and we both got out. She opened the front door, turned on a light just within the house, and told me to sit down. The door had opened directly into a living room with a sofa, two stuffed chairs, a coffee table, and wine colored drapes on the windows. There was a gray rug on the floor.

She brought me a drink and went out of the room into another that opened onto the living room. When she came back she was pushing a wheel chair. There was a man in it and I could see that he was blind. I looked up at Maria and she said, "This is my husband. You don't have to bother saying anything because he's deaf as well as blind. He used to be a policeman in Stanford, but one day somebody threw a little package in the window of his squad car. Now we live on the insurance money he received. We're very comfortable."

She came over to me then and put her arms around my waist. I just sat on the sofa and stared at my drink.

"You know, it gets very lonely not having anybody to talk to. Going to bed every night with a man who can only feel, but never know how I feel. That's why I walked over to the tavern tonight when my husband had gone to sleep in his chair. I wanted somebody to talk with, even laugh with, and I think to even make love to me. But I thought that you'd better know first. Now that you know, it's all right. Kiss me again. We can stay right here on the sofa and he'll never know. Kiss me and talk to me. I'm so lonely."

She just sat there with tears in her eyes and looked at me. And he sat there with nothing in his eyes. And I felt sick. I got up.

richard a. andrews

Educational Reform In The Atomic Age

Education as an institution of our civilization, in fact, Western Civilization itself, stands at the crossroads which lead to disaster or salvation. This assertion, no doubt, will be popularly greeted as "old stuff", "pessimism", or "philosophic speculation". The calm assertions of a Schweitzer, the judgments of a Niebuhr or the prophetic views of a Nehru are held today as were Plato's concerns for the fate of Athens under the attacks of the Sophists' doctrines of Realpolitik. Since education is always a reflection of society, we talk of education in terms of civilization in its entirety.

We in America are fearful. We are afraid that we may be next—England, France, Germany and Russia have been badly shaken from the storms of the internal and external attacks of barbarism. We should prepare, and so we are, as best we know. Education, is beginning to reflect bewildered apprehension that somehow the Western world must correct its serious defects if it is to survive. Many have offered various interpretations of history which give a limited meaning to what is happening, what has happened, and to a lesser extent give us a picture of what to expect if such and such conditions prevail.

Let it be sufficient to say that all of us have noted, and some of us have experienced a rise in the forces of barbarism. In both national and international politics, and even in industry we see displayed an increasing enslavement and submergence of the individual within huge, powerful institutions whose only "ethic" is that of expediency in the striving to control individualism.

The future task of education in this respect is fairly clear. Education must do all to restore to Western Civilization its ethical foundation. Such a statement is usually answered with a naive assumption that we already have an ethical basis, or by a cynical reply that we never have had one! This general reaction only serves as mute testimony of the current disrepute into which ethics has fallen, a serious symptom of decay in any civilization. However, most of the educators of our time do hold to some ethical views, but the melancholy truth is that their ethic has ceased to carry with it any real conviction, for its foundation rests on sand. Our tottering structure now leans on a two-fold prop; the first pillar is the 18th century doctrine of the essential

goodness of man, and the second presupposition is that **right knowledge will lead to right action.**

The events of the last half-century have led many a believer in the concomitant doctrine of automatic progress to a state of either myopic optimism or pathological despair. Well-educated people have turned right knowledge to sins of omission or commission, as well as employing their superior learning to combat the forces of evil. Our universities have given students knowledge naively holding to the view that these tools would, like the broom of the Sorcerer's Apprentice, fulfill their true function. Unfortunately, we, as did the little apprentice, overlooked the consequences of not being able to command this force which of itself cannot lead to right action. Our educators continue to place hope in the humanities as did pre-war Germany, whose liberal arts schools graduated a half-million students per year. The situation demands not a revised educational technique such as a new "core-curriculum" or an accent on classical literature, rather it demands a sound basis for our ethic coming from a truer view of the nature of Man and his purpose in life. There must be made implicit in all phases of education an uncompromising faith in the highest values we know, based either on philosophic or religious certainties. The implicit doctrine of the essential goodness of man—especially the well-educated man—must be made explicit and examined in the light of history, and if found fallacious, which I think it undoubtedly has, be rejected.

This will not be enough. Our primary task is to stand alone before God or the Universe hoping to gain that "higher knowledge" which transcends all intellectual knowledge, that which will guide us to the right use and perpetuation of education for free men.

john sniado

Random Thoughts

Random thoughts
Like tiny curls of blue-gray smoke,
Hang sensuously on the world's weary head,
Wispful circlets of remembrance
Sinking and bobbing around Life's acrid ebb,
Bringing back the joy of some past time
Of a long past peace, of a sunset love.

maxi tarapata

Impressions

Ocean waters lapping salty rocks
Like cows in a pasture;
Daydreams floating through your mind
Like bleached sails on silent seas;
Cliffs ragged, rigid and rough
Like gnarled hands of a laborer;
Waves hammering, crashing, rending
Like wrestlers struggling in a ring;
Calls of gulls, shrill and screaming
Like babies crying and whining;
Time —
Like thoughts, never still.

bill mcgrath

Trees

I wandered from the sullen plain,
Where twisted trees drank little rain,
Where sterile trees, like sterile minds
Revealed the site where Satan dined.
I came upon a greener place
With trees, I thought, of kinder grace;
The fruits I plucked were sweet indeed
While those I ate were bitter seed.
My hunger still had not decreased
When forests loomed with vines and beast
Inducing awe toward beauty's price
Till someone asked, "A paradise?"
From plain to green to woods I went,
Where every tree was ornament,
And nature's pride a subtle fraud,
Since trees, like men, were made by God.

leo cohen

The Velvet Glove

"You're ready, kid. I've taught you all I know. You've got the savvy, now all you need is the guts and the practice."

I ran all the way home from the Boy's Club, leap-frogging over hydrants, broadjumping breaks in the cobblestone sidewalk, pausing just long enough to take deep gulps of the sea-flavored air that blew in from the Navy Yard and rolled down the hilly, narrow streets of Charlestown.

"I'm ready!" that's what Nat said. I leaped up the Bunker Hill steps several at a time, stopping before the statue of Colonel William Prescott. A full moon, in an unclouded sky, laid a perfect shadow of the statue across the white cement walks, face to face with my own shadow.

"Come on Willie put up your dukes, I'm ready for ya'!" My shadowy fist swiftly and accurately met the silhouette of the Colonel's jaw. This was a sign of things to come. No more taking beatings. I'd give the beatings now. The cowardly me had been changed by Nat into a swift and wily fighting machine.

"Dad, Dad," I shouted as I burst into our living room, "the gym instructor says I won't need any more private lessons. Says all I need now is to keep in trim, and practice."

"Now I suppose you think you can lick your old man!" Dad sprang from his easy chair and squared off. With only his undershirt on, his beefy shoulders and bulging upperarms had twice the formidableness they had when clothed.

"So! So, a couple of fighters we got! I teach the boy to pray and my son teaches him to be a boxer. So what will become of him?"

Grandpa slammed his Talmud closed and glared at my father.

"The boy's got to learn to fight. They pick on him. If he doesn't learn to fight they'll maim him for life."

"Maim him, shmaim him! Where are we, in the jungle? They are wild savages? Come here boy," grandpa commanded, holding his arms out to me. I looked to my father and his eyes told me to obey. He sank into his chair, hiding behind his newspaper. I went to my grandfather, seating myself at his feet.

"Boy," grandpa said in Yiddish, "just because you are in a neighborhood of roughnecks and little bandits doesn't mean you must

become one too. You are a Jew, my son. Jews are not fighters; they are seekers of peace, truth, and piety. We are a gentle people devoted to pleasing God."

"What about Saul and Juda Macabee, what about Barney Ross and Maxie Baer? They were fighters," mumbled my father from behind his newspaper.

"Be quiet, you blacksmith, or I'll take a stick to you!" grandpa shouted.

I left the room, knowing that father disliked my seeing him being scolded.

As I lay in bed I could hear my father and grandfather shouting at each other. The part of their argument they shouted was always the same.

"Let my son pay them back for the beatings. Pay them back for the filthy names they give him. Pay them back. Make them sorry and afraid."

"No! No! Keep him ever mindful of God. Keep him gentle and clean."

This was always followed by inaudible murmurings, the arguments I was not supposed to hear.

I didn't have to hear, I knew my grandfather and father well enough to imagine easily what they had to say to each other.

My little bedroom was right over the parlor and I could feel my father talking. He talked with his big swollen fists. If he wasn't pounding jaws he was pounding tables or his chest. He had pounded his way from choir boy at the little South End synagogue to boss of a gang of stevedores.

Dad liked being a choir boy, but he didn't like being laughed at, or made fun of. When the street gangs in his neighborhood laughed at him he silenced their laughter with his fists, and he quit going to choir practice.

Dad made a study of what the boys in his neighborhood wouldn't laugh at: fight the best of them, lift the heaviest load, swear the most violently, drink the heaviest, laugh the loudest, love the lewdest. He made these superlatives his goal and he attained them.

In his twenty years of stevedoring Dad had earned the apprehensive respect of everyone who came in contact with him. But Dad didn't have a single intimate friend.

He earned plenty of money but he was always too tired to spend it for leisure pleasures. By nine-thirty every evening he was snoring

in his easy chair, his mouth wide open, his truss slung over the back of the chair, a newspaper clutched in his hoary fists.

When Dad was snoring his loudest Grandpa would call to me, put his arms around me and point to my father and say:

"You see, there is the fighter. There is the man who forsakes the teachings of his forefathers. That is what becomes of a man who is ashamed of his heritage; a man, promised the land of Israel, preferred instead the ways of Sodom and Gomorrah."

To grandpa I was the choir boy come home.

Father and grandfather were at opposite ends and the answer lay in the middle. I had found the answer for myself in one of my Talmud lessons.

"The hand of God is a mailed fist, in a velvet glove."

My mail would earn for me a place in the gang. My velvet glove would make them like me. That wouldn't be tough enough for Dad or gentle enough for Grandpa. Nobody would get punished, but somebody would get beaten. It was my problem and that was my solution.

The next day was Saturday, a busy, exciting day for Charlestown boys. The day on which my hopes always soared highest. Down at the "Oily" field on the banks of the Mystic river, there are always two or three scrub baseball games. Before going to the movies in the afternoon there is sneaking in to the Navy Yard to mooch cake and candy from the sailors' galley. Enroute to the movies there is a bottle-swiping expedition to raise gang candy money.

I went to join the gang at the baseball field. I could box now, there was nothing to be afraid of. When I arrived the gang was already on the field, except for "Fat" Barry. Fat was sitting on the player's bench keeping the records. With troubled eyes, he watched me seating myself. Outsiders had no business on the player's bench, but the jovial, easygoing "Fat", who moved his tremendous weight as slowly and cautiously as an elephant, decided to overlook my intrusion. We both stared self-consciously at the players.

Fat turned his records to the page of batting orders as the gang came off the playing field to take their turn at bat. They were led by their captain and gang leader Johnny O'Neil. He stopped short when he saw me.

"What the hell's the kike doing sitting there?" he shouted at Fat.

Fat opened his mouth several times without a sound.

"Get him outa here!"

The gang clustered around the bench as Fat rose slowly to his feet.

"What a surprise he's going to get," I muttered to myself. The mailed fist! They'll know I'm as tough as the next guy. This is what I've been waiting for. When Fat was within reaching distance I jumped from the bench and hit him quickly, mechanically with a straight right jab.

Fat's face turned white, except for the red welt from my fists. I hit him again with two rapid left jabs. Nat would be pleased, I was doing everything exactly as he had taught me. The feeling of power and control was exhilarating. I'd cut Fat to ribbons.

Fat attempted a left jab. I blocked it with my left hand and hit him squarely in the belly with my right. When he doubled up with pain I landed an uppercut to his jaw that sent him sprawling to the ground.

He sat there on his fat buttocks blinking at me, shaking his head, and wiping the blood from his mouth.

He rose to his feet very slowly. Then, with all the speed he could muster he lunged at me, his arms outstretched, his fingers set for choking. I danced aside and Fat went sprawling to the ground again.

Once again he got to his feet. A thin film appeared in his eyes and behind the film lay horror. I had never seen horror in another person's eyes before. I was not prepared to meet it.

Johnny O'Neil, the gang leader, stepped between us and threw his arms around Fat. The horror in Fat's eyes had reached him too.

"Beat it, Kike, before I let Fat cut ya to ribbons," he shouted at me over his shoulder.

"No, no, Johnny I'll fight him—don't worry I'll fight him," Fat protested in a hoarse, broken voice.

The whole picture was wrong. My mailed fist had developed spikes over which it would be impossible to fit a velvet glove. The happy compromise between grandpa's gentleness and Dad's brutality had dissolved. I had to make a stand at one or the other extreme. I could let Fat keep the respect and esteem of the gang by not continuing the fight. I could beat him, perhaps down to a status even more miserable than my own.

Johnny O'Neil let go of Fat and stepped back. Fat, his fists up, had gathered all his energy for one "win or lose" blind haymaker.

Johnny O'Neil knew by now that I could box. He knew I could easily sidestep Fat's wild punches and continue beating him. If the gang were going to accept me and at the same time save Fat's pride,

now was the time to do it.

I glanced at the faces around me. In them there was nothing but pity for Fat and dislike fanned to hatred for me. Beating Fat, or anybody else, wouldn't do any good.

I deliberately stepped into the wide, wild arc of Fat's punch. I was knocked to the ground in a heap, dazed and nauseated. From high above I heard laughter and voices shouting congratulations to Fat Barry.

I spit out some blood and laughed too. It was all very funny. A bearded old man with white whiskers, a black skull-cap, dressed in his holy, fringed shawl had knocked me down with a velvet glove, and they were congratulating Fat Barry.

lloyd sinclair

Manilla

It was another hot, dry day in Manilla, the once pearl and now pebble of the Orient, and I was hot, dry and bored with everything.

Yeah, I thought as I kicked my way through one dusty, dirty, and refuse-piled street after another. Sometime today, I'll find a nice cool spot in a shade-slitted bamboo hut. Sure, there are dozens of inviting bars stacked along the way here but first I'll take in that old cemetery near the dump.

For over two hours, I tasted more than my daily share of choking dust and inhaled more than my weekly quota of pungent native slum odors. Yet, no cemetery appeared, not even the dump!

I stopped to light a cigarette and then to fight off a gang of (hey Joe, nice guy Joe, you wanna . . .) young children who had piled around me. Taking off again, I quickened my pace when, there — over there — shooting straight out of a jagged gray pile of rubble was a dome-shaped, glassy-black marble crypt sparkling from the reflected rays of the brilliant sun. I wanted to go close and place my warm hand upon the cold surface of this monument to death but I could not for fear my first and startling picture of contrast would be lost. Smooth against jagged, black against gray, whole against broken, and man-made against man-destroyed.

Then, I knew what I should remember well!

Out of the gray rubble, a black beauty;

From the pebble a pearl once again!

Quarterly

Quarterly

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS

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About Our Authors

bob dunton '51 is an English major who plans on a writing career.

jean ferson '52, although an English major, dabbles in psychology by analyzing friends with her own behavior theories.

mark finer '54, another English major, started writing poetry when a skeptical high school teacher challenged his ability.

al governor '51 intends to use his English major in teaching.

ted koehler '54 wants to be a doctor as does any pre-med major.

richard lettis '52 is an English major who has decided on a teaching career.

ralph levitt '53, a physics major, is interested almost as much in poetry as he is in photography.

bill ratner '51, who majors in English, has worked as a traveling salesman and a nightclub singer.

joe rosenstein '53, a French major, has danced professionally in folk dances.

dorothy woodhams '51 spent last summer working in Australia; she is a botany major.

Both *bob daves* '52 and *bill mcgrath* '52 are continual contributors to the *Quarterly*; more of their poetry is published in this issue.

Tony

Ya know, buddy, I'm not really off my rocker. I mean what I say. Just let me tell you the story once more.

I was standin' in the bar at Goth's last Friday night, when this joker in a red-checked shirt walks in, leadin' a beautiful English Setter. He sidles up to the bar beside me, and orders a rye with a beer chaser.

Now I just start huntin' this year, and I ask him a few questions about the dog, never even thinkin' at the time a buyin' him. The pooch, meanwhile, is restin' his big head against my leg and lookin' up at me with these mournful red eyes. The guy seems to wanta talk, like anyone alone in a bar does, and pretty soon we're shakin' hands and callin' each other by our first names.

"It's tough," he finally says, "but I got to get rid of Tony, here. The wife says too much expense keepin' so big a hound. Hate ta let him go, though."

Right away, I start thinkin' a buyin' him. He's really a good dog in the field, I ask?

"Good? Why man, I think that dog could cook the birds if someone would show him how to handle an oven," he says.

Now just at this time, I look down at Tony, already admirin' him as my own. He's givin' the checked-shirt, I can't remember his name now, a kinda dirty look, so I think. But that can't be, I think. So I just pass it off, and ta make a long story short, checked-shirt ends up with my week's pay, and I end up with Tony.

Soon as the deal is closed, there's the dog starin' again, only this time it's at me, and I feel kinda embarrassed. It's like he's sizin' me up, and not too pleased with what he sees. I got my old clothes on, and it makes me wish I had put on somethin' better. But then I figure it's just one too many shots of old stepmother and forget it.

But just as we're leavin', somethin' happens that makes me think that maybe it ain't all in my mind. One of the guys in the booths yells to me and asks if I'll take him home. "Sure," I says. "Where's the car?" he asks. "Last one down on the other side of the street," I answers, and then turn around to get a deck a' butts outa the machine. In the mirror, as I'm admittin' to myself that I do need a shave, I see Tony trot over ta one of the side windows, put his paws up on the ledge, and take a gander in the direction of my heap. Then he gags,

kinda, and with a sort of despairin' look on his face, slumps ta the ground.

"Can't be that bad, Tony," I say, tryna be jovial and pretendin' to myself that what I just see ain't true. But that dog just looks at me as much as ta say, "The hell it aint," and turns away.

Well, anyway, the three of us go out the door and head for the car. George, that's the other guy, mentions that the hound can ride in the back seat. It's a kinda home-made pick-up, ya see, an' that back ain't none too comfortable. I see Tony's ears perk up a little, and I don't like the looks a' things. We get ta the heap, and George opens the door. Tony jumps in and takes the seat. No matter how hard we tug and pull, he doesn't move. George rides home in the back, and gets off without sayin' good night.

Tony and I get ta my shack, and he follows me into the kitchen. While I'm makin' a bed for him over in the corner in back of the stove, he wanders around the room givin' the fish-eye ta the dirty dishes in the sink, and the broken pane a' glass in the window. It makes me so uncomfortable that I reach for the jug on the shelf above the bread-box, and have myself a rugged hooker. I feel a little better after this, so, thinkin' maybe he don't like the looks a' his bed, I try ta say somethin' that'll cheer him up. "Tomorrow, Tony," I say, "I'll get ya a nice new barrel ta sleep in." Then I turn back ta the corner.

A second later, the blanket flies outa my hand, and I jump about a mile in the air. A voice, just like my own, repeats what I just finish sayin', with a little more added.

"Tomorrow, Tony, I'll get you a nice barrel to sleep in." And then the voice changes and gets kinda fierce, "Tomorrow, hell! When I want to sleep in a barrel I'll get my own."

I turn around slow. Be calm, I tell myself. I look all over the room. There's no one there but me and Tony, and he looks like he's waitin' for me ta say somethin'! "Tony," I say, "ya didn't speak did ya, boy?" He answers me in this high class voice.

"I dont see anyone else in the room. Do you, stupid? What's so surprising about my speaking? You do, and nobody seems surprised."

I say, "Yes, but you're a dog," and ask him not ta be quite so abusive. I take the jug off the shelf again. I figure I better do somethin' with my hands

before I start tearin' out my hair.

"You can pour me a short pan of that while you're at it, boob," he says. I don't know whether ta take offense at that or not, so I satisfy myself by askin' what he'll have with it.

"Soda, my good man, soda. And, if not soda, plain water will do. Quite."

"Quite, quite," I answer, startin' ta feel calm. I can get along with anybody or anythin' that'll take a drink. "Plain water will have ta do." And I give him a liberal dose of Old Stepmother and some tap water, in the fryin' pan.

"Aaggh! That is wretched stuff, I say! How can you drink that with such obvious pleasure?"

I tell him it ain't too bad, and pour myself another one. I'm thinkin' all the time, now, how good we'll be able ta work together, seein' as how he can talk. I approach him on the subject a' huntin'. He's so busy lappin' up his drink that he don't answer for a minute. When he does, I get the shock a' my life.

"I say, old man, let's be reasonable. I hate to hunt. And frankly, I'm afraid of birds, and I hate guns. I'm more the good book and fireside type. At any rate, after seein' you drink that whad-ja-callit, I'm surprised you can see stationary objects, let alone hit flying ones."

I offer to get out the twelve gauge and show him a few trick shots, but he refuses.

"Let's understand each other right now," he says, "my former owner bilked you, but that doesn't make me morally responsible. I'm sorry, but I don't hunt, and you're stuck with me."

I don't get most of the words, but I do get the pitch. I been rooked. The guy rooked me. The dog don't like ta hunt. Naturally, I'm a little peeved. But Tony tries ta salve me over.

"After all, chappy, there's so much of this billing going on in the world. What's the point, after all. I mean, live and let live, and all that sort of rot."

I see he's slightly in his cups by this time, an' he's not too bashful about pushin' the fryin' pan in my direction with his paw. I give him a refill of that "wretched stuff," have one myself, and watch him sadly as he chews at his forepaw. He sees me watchin' him and explains.

"Bit of tinfoil between my pads, you know. Filthy bar. Beastly things. But I don't suppose you're interested in my troubles. Or are you?" He looks up hopeful. "Life story and all that. One of a litter of four. Profligate mother and father."

I tell him I got troubles enough of my own with-

out addin' his too. Here I go and blow my whole week's pay on a bird dog, and he's afraid of birds. And I should hear his troubles.

"Well, I suppose I should have warned you in the bar," he says, after taking a long sip. "But half-intelligent people are reasonable, you know, and it does so startle them to hear a dog speak."

He looks at me bashful like with those big eyes, and my heart goes out ta him. I tell him he can talk ta me all he likes and we'll never mention the fact that he's an English setter. I say it ta make him feel good, but what a surprise I get. He sits up all proud-like and says, "I, sir, have very good blood. Much better than your own. If we're to be friends, let's talk no more of allegiance or nationalities."

I can see he's pretty touchy on the subject, and there's nothin' I hate more than an argumentive drunk, so I go along with him. Everythin's peaceful again. But now he's ready for another drink, and I can see a cryin' joy comin' on. I tell him it's his last one, and, while he does get a bit peevish, he's afraid ta go too far. So he just shrugs and looks surly.

After a while, though, he comes around. Tears stream down his grey face, and I feel so bad I almost cry myself. He tells me the trouble.

"All my life," he says, "people have held it against me because I don't like birds. Especially pheasants. That sound they make when they take off frightens me to death. Boom!" He makes a wave with his paw that spills the drink. "And they're gone. You won't hold it against me though, will you, old timer?"

I promise him I won't, but he's intent on spillin' his grits. "I've always wanted to be a human, and I used to spend hours in the kennel practicing my manners. But no matter how hard I try, I'm still a dog."

Now this is a subject that always interests me. I always want to be a dog. Ya know, lay around in the sun, eat, hunt, do everything in your own sweet time. So I tell him this, and we spend many happy hours consolin' each other about bein' what we are. Finally, I ask him why he never speaks to anyone else.

"Because I've always been afraid they'd exploit me. You didn't look like you would, so I chanced speaking to you. You wouldn't, would you friend?" "No, no," I hasten to assure him, "of course I wouldn't." Not much, I can just see the cabbage rollin' in as we play before the kings and queens

(Continued on page 16)

A GREY, WINDY DAY

The sky greys over.
Gloom descends,
Even into the soul,
Trying to rend
Its natural optimism.
The weird half-light
Distorts and suffocates, yet
Arouses a will to fight,
To challenge and combat
This lethargic blight,
In the depths of the being.

The wind raises its voice
To fevered pitch.
Democratic, it shows no choice
In its buffeting.
A strange exhilaration
Fills the spirit, while
The body battles the wind.
The soul smiles.

A leaf spins
In crazy vorteces
Clutched by the gusty fingers,
But Man evades these
And pushes through
The forceful, unsolid wall.
And the wind is endless,
And Man is so small.

Quarterly FIRST In Poetry

bill mcgrath

ONTONGENY OF LOVE

Love's a third grade note between
A spitball king and a pigtail queen;
An afternoon show when hands clutch
The seat, and flesh almost dares to touch;
An old jalopy—screams and windy hair
Beside a flippant wheel and a horn's blare.

Love's an altar, song, bouquet, gown
And sad-eyed parents with hopeful frown;
A two room flat, a dirty dish,
Scraps for alley cats, a memory's wish.
Love's a gray vagueness, bony and bald,
Shadow of a playpen—Life, it's called.

bill mcgrath

ONE LAST APPLE

In an orchard,
A girl of Yahweh walked with me
One warm November day.
One last apple on a tree
Remained, a polished resumé of summer love.
"Please keep it," she said.
But apples were to eat.

She made the first bite,
Her lips imprinting
A platonic ring
Neither she nor I wanted.
Had some subtle haggadah suddenly flung
Its ancient binding cry? I don't know.
Love itself is yet too young.

The Quarterly Reviews

"Moulin Rouge", a biographical novel by Pierre La Mure, brings to the English speaking public the life of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, the French painter,—"so ugly, yet so talented". Lautrec, as described and interpreted by La Mure, has brought through the medium of art "order out of chaos".

After Lautrec realizes that his physical appearance, deformed since childhood, is repellant to the fairer sex, he casts aside his noble heritage and seeks solace in the bars, cabarets and houses of prostitution on Place Pigalle among the middle-aged Bohemians.

The author first portrays Lautrec as a young boy struggling between the opposing ideals of his parents. While his mother wanted him to be a conscientious student, his father desired to educate him as a versatile, athletically inclined "gentil 'homme". Unfortunately, Henri's father, the count, was himself a great sportsman and hunter, and he became disillusioned when his son was disfigured as a "permanently deformed gnome". This situation ended only in estrangement; however, Henri's mother was both devoted and sympathetic to the boy and sent him to a private school where, being accepted by his school chums, he was admitted to the gang.

Moulin Rouge

by

Pierre La Mure

Random House, 1950

When he left school, Lautrec developed two main interests in life: art and women. La Mure makes very vivid the pathetic love affairs with the street walker, Marie Chalet and the young student of art, Myriame Hayem; the latter was interested in Henri's artistic talent, the former in his wealth. Pity and terror are aroused with the constant agony of Lautrec which stems from the knowledge that no woman could love him in his deformed state.

Sush experiences in the painter's life led to different phases in his work. Henri's poster paintings made the "Moulin Rouge" the most famous night spot of the gay '90's.

This artist's existence may seem one of depravity and extremes, but it was Lautrec himself who commented, "Everywhere and always, ugliness has its beautiful aspects; it is thrilling to discover them where nobody else has noticed them." La Mure has perhaps concluded that only such a superior brain—sensitive, educated, witty, and penetrating—as Lautrec's, could discover and depict beauty from the darkness in which he lived.

Pierre La Mure has most effectively expressed the importance of Lautrec's painting. The "Moulin

(Continued on page 16)

richard lettis

Budd Schulberg now has three books to his credit. The first two were acceptable, interesting novels—acceptable plots, believable characters, and a raw, jolting style that was arresting if not first rate. *The Disenchanted*, however, deserves something more than passive acceptance.

I do not mean that this is a top-notch novel, or even a top-notch modern novel; I would not include it in a list of 100 books with which to be stranded on a desert island. Standing alone, it is a fairly good novel, ordained to strut its eye-catching jacket for an hour in book-store windows, and then be read no more.

Read in regard to its predecessors, however, this novel is much more impressive, for there is great

improvement here. We feel the force of Mr. Schulberg's former style, but without being nicked by the rough edges. The jolting toughness of the former novels is submerged, and is all the more powerful because it does not hit us in the eye, but waits for us to come to grips with it.

It is unfortunate, however, that Mr. Schulberg does not carry this subtlety to the handling of his characters. If they were a little more difficult to classify, if each one were not described in detail, almost before he begins to live, this book would strike the imagination with much more force and conviction than it does. In a story, as in life, we should learn to know people by the way they live and think, and not by placards hung around the

The Disenchanted

by

Budd Schulberg

Random House, 1950

MY LOVE HAS GONE

My love has gone;
 The wind or sun or anyone
 Can never bring her back again.
 And with her gone, the earth,
 Once strewn with so much beauty and life,
 And life, once so well worth living,
 Has become a dead, dark dungeon,
 Of dying flowers and molting trees,
 Of dirty snow and blood reddened soil,
 Of moaning winds and blackened skies.

My love has gone;
 And no pleading or forcing
 Can ever bring her back again.
 Yet she is not dead nor dying,
 But full of life, so wanting to be had and
 found needed;
 And needed she is, not just by me,
 But by the wailing nun who prays for her,
 By the carefree children who revel with her,
 By the young and gallant who die for her,
 By the leaders and thinkers who live for her,
 And by us who love her.

My love is gone,
 For she has been turned aside and misused;
 Found wanted by those who need her,
 But held back by those who don't.

My love has gone;
 Yet in this approaching gloom and darkness
 She can again find her return.
 And her return; it shall be
 Over the path which is lighted;
 For Love is light, as is Prayer
 And Hope and Understanding and Toil.

My love is gone;
 But she can return.
 For I am life,
 And my love is Peace.

neck. When we meet Manley Halliday, the tragic hero of the plot, we know within six pages that here is a faded genius of the roaring twenties, now on the skids, and since we meet him just as he accepts a screen play assignment (Hollywood is the conventional symbol of the short-circuit for genius), we can practically write the story ourselves from here on in.

Shep Stearns, the hero (junior grade) of the story, is just as recognizable. He is the young, aspiring writer starting his way up, who meets the tired, unravelled master idling his way down. One knows at once, when they collaborate on a script, that Manley will contribute brilliant, delightful nothings, while Shep covers up, and turns out mediocre, but useful, material.

Though Schulberg makes these characters live for us, yet we feel at the outset that they are stylized, that we have seen them many times before, and that nothing they can do or say will surprise us in the least. This takes half the fun out of reading the book—it is like a whodunit, in which the last chapter has been written first.

Nevertheless, the plot, though too easily discerned through the characters, is an interesting one. Shep Stearns is assigned to collaborate with Manley Halliday in rewriting Shep's screenplay, *Love On Ice*. Withdrawn from the restraining influence of his doctor and his friends, Halliday succumbs once more to alcoholism, and begins to roll off the sidewalk. The plot carries them to Webster College, where *Love On Ice* is to be filmed, and where Manley becomes the final, rotted, disintegrated shambles.

The change of Stearns' attitude toward this man, from worship to doubt, to disgust, and finally to true insight into the soul of the being before him, is one of the most effective things in the book. The flashbacks and reminiscent anecdotes which occur to Halliday throughout the play are also expressive, showing clearly how he has tarnished his genius.

But this genius is tarnished only, not gone, and this is the point which lends depth and real poignancy to the tragedy. For had Manley Halliday lost his greatness, his death would have been nothing more than an every-day occurrence; but for a man of his ability to die with his greatness intact, with his best works yet to come—that is a far more moving tragedy. Schulberg saw this, and wrote accordingly.

Several minor points could be mentioned here, such as the improbability of a man like Halliday

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Lost Stranger

The door opened on its well oiled hinges. A stranger stood there looking at the still figure lying on the bed. The two men looked at one another, recognizing, yet afraid to recognize. There was a remarkable resemblance between them. The newcomer walked across the room. "Hello, Ed." Ed said nothing. He only watched with eyes that were narrowed and knowing. He saw the hair, like his own even to the degree of blackness and the depth of the widow's peak; he saw the eyes, deep and black like his own; he saw the nose, easily and effortlessly chiseled, and the firm, squared jaw, both perfect replicas of his own. He saw himself in the tall, finely formed body. He saw his twin—his actual twin with whom he had once been close, whom he had not seen for eighteen years.

"Hello, Bill." Bill sat down and they looked at one another, each remembering, condoning, blaming. They shook hands impulsively, as if this one act bridged the time and space which had separated them. Emotion flowed from one hand to the other. Neither could trust his voice for a long while, and a small clock reminded them that there was not much time left to them. Only a few hours.

Silence.

"I read about it in the papers. I knew it was you."

Something of the old feeling returned as the two stayed in the room, one lying on the bed, the other erect in a chair. Each was occupied with his own thoughts, yet there was an understanding which had lasted throughout the years since their childhood.

"Hello, Ed." It was sighed this time, not spoken. Behind it there was the deep knowledge of motivation and character. Behind it there was the love and selflessness that had characterized the first half of their lives. It was more than "hello". It was "again." And it was "soon, too soon, goodbye". Deeds and actions lost all meaning. One understood the other without words.

"How do you feel, Ed?"

Only that.

Good question. How do I feel now? How did I feel last night? How did I feel yesterday? How did I feel last month? It's all the same answer. How did I feel my whole life. Last night. Last night, let's see.

A big room. Couldn't see it, but it felt big . . . like the walls were far away. Dark. Just a red bulb somewhere far off giving a red tint to a little bit of

the room. Noises. Wheezing and sputtering coming out of nowhere. Someone whistling. . . a whistle ending in a sob. Another sound. Like a kid popping bubble gum. Didn't know where I was. Should've been in New York. What went on?

What then? Oh, yah. The shape. It came through the swinging doors and straight towards me. Watched it for a long time before I saw it was a woman. She took my wrist in her fingers and snapped on a light. The light showed a uniform, blue-and-white and beds scattered around the room. Beds and uniform. Uniform and beds. A hospital. It had to be a hospital. Light out. Alone with snores and wheezes and whistles and pops. Why?

The door swung open and let in some light. The shape in the nurse's uniform came towards me again. She lifted up the covers and jabbed a needle into me. It hurt. She looked at a clip on the end on the bed. Asked if I could see it. Didn't say much, just name . . . Edward Burk. residence . . . Boston, Mass. next of kin . . . None. notify . . . Jamieson & Co., Inc. On the bottom, four big letters. . . M O V E. Move. Move what? Move where? She left. Alone again. Noises. Noises turned to music. Strange sounding music. Someone was playing. But I was inside the piano. I was dreaming.

Funny. Lying on the inside works. Then the player hit a certain chord and all the notes started to fight. I was in the middle and was getting hit all over until every part of me hurt. A bugle sounded. Stop. The chord. Start. Over and over. Bruised and sore everywhere. Something hit me and knocked out my breath. Began to float. Notes grabbed for me, but couldn't stop me. Floated on and on until . . . stairs.

Knew the stairs. Two flights, sixteen steps in a flight. No light on second landing. Shapiros never took care of the steps. Went up in darkness. No difference. Knew them by heart. Up to the third floor. Opened door. Wasn't locked. Never locked. Nothing to steal in that house. Poor house. Poor people. Sitting in the kitchen. Ma and Pa. Surprised to see me. Hadn't seen me for two years since I left high school. Why did I come home? They wanted to know. Jewish papers spread on the table. Wanted Pa to sign so I could change my name. No more Berkowitz. No more third floor living in the ghetto. No more held down because of Jews. Pa signed. Ma cried. Pa told her to stop. He said I

wasn't worth it. Wished hadn't come. Wasn't old enough to sign myself. Walked out. Door got in my way. Went right through it. Flew. Flew out of the ceiling and down, down to a car.

Margie. Margie was in the car. Sat and looked at her. She was beautiful. Just the right look. Clean. Little tilted nose. Jet black hair. Blue eyes that sang. Margie. Sitting against the red upholstery of the convertible. Margie. Looking up at the sky. Margie. As close to me as she could get. She turned her face towards me. Kissed her. She threw her body against mine, holding me close. Ran my hands up and down her body. She trembled and shivered as her emotions ran away. Knew I could have her. Didn't want that. Not with Margie. Stopped and pushed her away. Margie wasn't like my other girl. Couldn't hurt her. I loved her.

I started the car. Had to wait for an old man to cross the Boulevard before I could pull out. He looked like what most people think a Jew looks. Waited. Margie said something. "Revere used to be a nice place before the kikes took over." Then the smell of low tide hit me for the first time. Hadn't smelled rotting bodies for a long time. Wondered what Margie would say if she knew I was Jewish. Funny. Things still hurt after all those years. But she didn't know. No one knew. Not even Ma and Pa anymore. Just Bill. Looked at Margie. Seemed to be far away. Then there was just the red leather seat. Then the car was gone. Sun shone in my face. The dream was over.

The light was speckled and spotted. Strange. Looked around and saw that the sun was shining through some smoke coming out of a chimney. Wasn't in the same room as before. Move meant this. All alone. A small room. Drab yellow walls. Only thing that looked clean was the white night stand. Sheets were red. Reached over to pull the cord pinned to the sheet. Pain shot across my chest. Grabbed the sides of the bed. Sheets tore when I tugged at them. Lay there sweating. Moaning a little bit. Why did it hurt? Didn't know then.

Nurse came in. Wasn't the same as before. This one was ugly. She took my pulse and blood pressure. Then gave me another injection. Left me alone again. Like all my life. Alone. Wanted someone to help me. No one there. Pain let up. Began to feel sleepy. Body got light. Began to drift. Up and down like on the ocean. Motion changed to stop and go. In the car. Dreaming again.

Looked at my watch to see how long it took me from Albany. Albany to Hartford in three hours.

Wasn't bad time. Felt tired and dirty. Been driving since six in the morning. Wanted to take a shower and go to bed. Drove down Main Street and turned off by the Harborton. Tossed the keys to the doorman and walked in.

The desk clerk recognized me and passed the time. I was a pretty good customer. He gave me room 712. The bell-hop carried my bag up and put on the lights. Took my shower and lay naked on the bed. Looked at the striped wallpaper. It seemed familiar. As though I had seen it before. Maybe the whole room was the same. Different number. Same room. The stripes did a jig.

The next thing I knew it was ten o'clock. I lay there, smoking. Then the sameness hit me again. I got dressed and went out to eat. There was only one other table being used in the dining room. The waitress was cute. She look tired though. Wanted to make a play, but saw the ring. Kept my mind on the food. Finished eating in about twenty minutes and walked out onto Main Street. Stood there. People went by. People busy with themselves. Busy having a good time. Strangers trying to join in getting tossed aside. Strangers all alone in the crowd.

Went back and got the Studebaker. Drove over to the Beal to see what was doing in the lounge. Empty. Had a drink and talked to the bartender. He was young and greasy. The mustache under his nose looked silly. He didn't know how to say anything intelligent. Paid for the drink and left. Tried to find something doing in a lot of other spots, but nothing. Then I found the Red Topp. It was just right.

Felt a little out of place there in expensive clothes but no one noticed me. A few couples danced to the Juke Box. Others sat in booths along the wall and drank beer or cheap whiskey. Crowd tried to be clean, but all the grime couldn't be washed out. And there was a girl sitting alone.

Sat down in a booth and ordered a C & C and ginger. It came. Drank it, but it wasn't what I ordered. Watched the girl. Made sure she was alone and went over to her. Her name was Betty. Just Betty. Mine was Ed. Just Ed. No last names. That was enough. We sat and danced five rounds. Asked her if she wanted to leave. We left. Drove back to the hotel. She was warm and alive all the way back. Began to get worked up.

The desk clerk smiled when we walked through the lobby. He knew me and he knew salesmen. The smile said he knew. We lay down on the bed . . .

just a small lamp burning. Couldn't. Couldn't bring myself to touch her. Looked at the hair. . . part red, part brown, and part blond. The eyes . . . hazel. Like Margie's eyes. Something nice about her. But she wasn't pretty. Could see why some guy had wanted her the first time. But couldn't. Maybe it was too casual. Maybe it was old to both of us. Maybe everything was the same.

Room was the same as the room the night before. Girl was the same. Just different name. Wallpaper was the same. Stripes instead of flowers. Bed was the same. Double instead of twin. Rug the same. Rose instead of green. Wanted to run. But lay there. She wondered what was wrong. Opened the suit case and gave her a bottle. She fell asleep nursing it. I couldn't sleep. Lay there until time to go to work. Left her with the rest of the bottle. Paid the room for two and paid for her breakfast. She was still asleep when I left. Took a last look at her naked body and felt pity. No desire.

Finished work in Hartford and New Haven by three in the afternoon. Pulled out onto the turnpike and headed for New York. Switched on the radio and got some disc jockey program. Stepped the speedometer up to fifty-five and held it there. Relaxed. Relaxed and thought. As always. Drive. Listen. Think. Go on. Keep on going. Get there. Get back. Start again. Good life. No life for a human being. Maybe good life for me. Never stay put. Never call any place home. Sure, I called Boston home. Only because the home office was there. Maybe because Margie was there.

But how could there be anything between us? Too far apart in all ways. Too damned far apart. I think Margie likes me. I know I'm in love with her. Never said anything though. What would be the sense? She'd get nothing out of it but being a straw widow. A guy who's away eleven months a year. A guy who's home just often enough to make babies. Haven't seen her in four months. Who knows? maybe she's married now. Maybe she's married and on the way to having her first kid. What's the use? Why go on? Wish somebody could give me the answer.

With a girl just like you

A friend who is good and true

Nice song. Can't mean anything to me though. Nothing but words and a catchy melody. Can't have a girl and don't have a real friend. Away too much for both. No one even knows who I am. Just a name on a card to most people. Or a salesman who'll treat to a good steak. The boss. He knows who I am. He knows I'm a good salesman. But he doesn't give a damn for me. He could get someone just as good and pay him less now that the territory's opened up. Wish I could give it up. Don't know anything else, though. No good with my hands. Never went to school beyond the few years they made me take. Just know how to be a salesman. And hate being one. Swell.

Marvello Soap Suds presents another episode
in the life of Rosy Goldbloom . . .

(Continued on Page 15)

dorothy woodhams

FREEDOM

As one imprisoned through the rusty bar
Sees the faint shadowing upon the floor
Of moonlight, with the memory once more
Of joys that neither steel nor cage could mar
Bringing him thoughts of silver seas afar,
The starry waves, the ships, the breaker's roar,
And, seeing thus, he feels his bonds no more,
And thus is free again, as sea birds are;
So with the shadows and the creeping night
Come visions clear, which can the darkness fill
With radiant forms that others cannot see.
For never walls could check these spirits bright
Or halt these, wandering wheresoe'er they will;
For man is of his thought, and thought is free.

ted koehler

THE STORM

The sand came alive
With the coming of the Storm,
Swirling the Sun from our eyes,
Filling us all with hate.

The skies shook with our bellows
As we killed, bled and screamed.
Our souls awakened . . . quickened . . . lost . . .

Then came the night, and with it
Peace that covered the shells;
Empty and still on the wet sand.

THE CRUSADE

All these marshmallow sticks—
Forked and crossed—
And on to war and slaughter
And the dripping of wet marshmallows
Forked and crossed.

After you cross her threshold
Put your cross on every door
Of every whore.

Whore haw-ha,
More than the cawing.
Corps of crows,
The doves of the Lord
Peacefully steal the peasants' grain.

You fight.
Go ahead.
Cross a head,
Ed,
Let the dead bury the dead—
Forked and crossed.

joe rosenstein

BOLERO IN RED

Rusty copper faces.
Brilliant scarlet shawls.
Deep crimson lips.
Tiles on the rooftops
Reflect the sun's heat.
Fiesta.

Rhythm rumbles in the square.
Bodies moving in a frenzy,
Dancing, ever dancing,
With dazzling feet.
Fiesta.

Your bronze, sun-tipped face,
The simple black veil of your hair,
And your smile—inviting.
The room, like the sun on a mirror
Seems to reflect you everywhere.
Fiesta.

The sway of your hips
As you move slowly forward,
Tempting, so tempting . . .
Frenzy rises; you are here.
Siesta.

richard lettis

ADVICE TO AN AMERICAN YOUTH

I was getting my youngster ready for bed
When an odd little question popped into his head.
He thought it all over, and then he began,
"Say, father, when shall I be a man?"

I stood there dumbfounded, now, what to say?
(He doesn't ask this every day)
Just how should I picture to little Dan
The goals and the values that make the man?

Should I tell him of Virtue, and Chastity,
Should I speak of pitfalls that he must flee?
Should I mention courage, and honor, and vice,
Things that are good, and things not quite nice?

Should I say to be honest, and truthful and strong?
And read off a list that is fifty miles long?
Just what should I say to this innocent youth?
The hell with it all! I'll tell him the truth.

"Son, when you drink, and you smoke and you
swear,
Take a shot at one gulp, with a casual air,
When you sneer at religion, make jokes about
God,
When you spend your first night in a room with
a broad,

When you tell your first lie, and smoke your first
butt,
When you slug your first guy, and then kick his gut,
When you run for election, and promise them
ALL,
And then, when elected, hand out the eight ball,

When you tackle a job, and struggle right through
it,
(Who cares what it is, just as long as you do it)
When by hook and by crook, you've fought and
you've won,
You'll then be a man, so they tell me, my son."

Poor Ann

A short story based on an incident in the life of Thomas DeQuincy that took place in London in 1802.

Tom stood looking down at his last few coins that lay cupped in his palm. Just about enough, he decided, for two cups of coffee and some little cinnamon cakes, the kind that she liked. This would mean, of course, that he would have no breakfast in the morning. Well, there would be nothing revolutionary about that. He turned down Oxford Street heading for the dingy brick house on the corner, quickening his steps as he neared the end of the street until when he finally burst through the door, he was almost running. Mrs. Porter, the owner of the household, looked up, startled by this sudden intrusion. She regarded the boy with suspicion and ill-concealed dislike. "You looking for Ann?" she asked in her harsh voice.

"Yes. Is she . . . ?" he motioned toward the dark and rickety staircase.

"Yes. It's all right — I guess. Go on up." Her tone was sullen.

With a bound he started to ascend the stairs. Mrs. Porter's sharp glance followed him to the top and out of sight. She turned away with a scowl.

"Ann, it's me, Tom." He heard the light footsteps across the floor and then the door opened, revealing a slight, dark-haired girl of sixteen. The light from the windows across the room, the soft light of a fall evening, shone through the wisps of black hair and cast a shadow over her thin face, melting into translucent beauty her pale skin and intensifying the gentle solemnity of her great dark eyes. The fragility and wistfulness of her countenance struck him then as it always did. He stood for a moment, transfixed. At last she grew conscious and his look and said, a bit awkwardly, "Won't you come in?"

Abruptly his mood changed to one of gaiety and gallantry. "No, I won't," he smiled, "but will you come out?" He stretched out his hand to show her his little pile of wealth. "See how rich we are, dear! Ah, but I should ask you more formally."

He stepped back a foot or two, made a deep bow, and asked with mock dignity: "May I have the pleasure of your company this evening, Miss Ann?" "We shall have coffee and cinnamon cakes if you please at Mrs. Andrews' excellent establishment."

Ann knew better than to inquire if that was the

last of his money; he would be highly indignant at her concern over such trifles. Instead she laughed, curtsied, and gravely accepted his invitation. Together, arm in arm, they scurried down the stairs, making a pleasant commotion of talk and laughter in the grim and silent hall below.

"Make sure you're back early, young lady!" Mrs. Porter's warning was barely acknowledged by Ann as she and Tom skipped out into the street, taking their youth and merriment with them, and leaving the hall as sepulchral as before.

Mrs. Andrew's coffee house was warm and crowded. As Tom pushed his way to the counter, he caught snatches of conversation, saw smiles and gestures that seemed to cheer his loneliness. The warmth crept through his thin, worn clothing to dispell the chill he had felt all day. The aroma of the coffee and cinnamon teased his nostrils until he could hardly wait for Ann and him to settle themselves at a corner booth to share their delicacies. At last it was accomplished; together they sat down and sipped their coffee and ate their cake in little bites, loath to see it disappear forever.

"Any luck today, Tom?"

Tom put down his cake and licked a sugary thumb. His lean young face was pinched with hunger and months of privation, which only served to increase its vivacity and burning earnestness. His movements were quick, tense; there was such a rapid succession of expressions flitting constantly over his face that Ann often had difficulty remembering what he looked like five minutes after she had left him. He was only eighteen, but the lines already forming around his eyes and mouth made him appear several years older. He looked up at her with his wide grey eyes and shook his head in disgust.

"No, good lord, no. That miserable thief!—He's been putting me off for months now. I am expecting any day that he will toss me out of my lodgings as well for disturbing the rats and cobwebs."

"Have you sold any of your writings?" The old question, Ann thought; if only someday there would be a different answer.

"I don't think the stupid publishers know what they mean—rather than show their stupidity they tell me everything I write is fantastic, absurd—oh my dear Ann, poor Ann—I can't borrow another shilling; I am afraid my fine landlord will

never lend me the money he's promised; it is a wonder he even lets me sleep in his wretched attic. There is no where to turn, nothing to do. . ."

Ann studied her cup and finally voiced the thought she hated: "Nothing except to go home."

"No!" exploded Tom. "You know how they'll dispose of me there—make a prattling little scholar of me, they think; make me do exercises in Latin and Greek; send me to their nursery schools—I who have seen more and thought more than all of them—besides, I should have to leave you and then who would be my sweet audience and listen to me so patiently and look at me with such wonder in her eyes?—oh, no, dear, I'll not leave you. We'll find some money somewhere and when I come into my inheritance, we'll have the best that London has to offer, you'll see!"

Ann could almost believe him when he talked this way, so ardent and so sure. "Poor Ann," a fine lady; yes, very likely! But wasn't Tom a fine lord? And hadn't he said that she would ride in a carriage and have footmen dressed in bright finery, that she would wear lace and brocade, and dance at a great ball in golden slippers? Tom's family were such people; she could be one of them, too—sometimes it seemed so real, so close, that she half-expected to find the carriage awaiting her in the street. It was not hard to believe Tom when he talked on a subject he loved; he was transformed, at least in Ann's eyes, to a kind of young god on earth; he was lighted from inside. Strange and beautiful words spilled from his lips, half of which she never understood, but she loved the music of them and she loved to watch his face as he talked. No wonder he seemed like a god sent down for her special companion and salvation; he was so unlike any other man she had yet known. And Ann, in the course of playing the ugly little game that was her living had known, or at least encountered, many men. Left an orphan at fourteen, she had been initiated into her trade of darkness and stealth and falsehood, by none other than Mrs. Porter, the dour custodian of the house on Oxford Street. As a child of fourteen, she did not know the tragic implications of that trade; and now, two years later, although she knew its tricks, she still did not know its tragedy. A girl of the streets does not become a fine lady; but Ann did not see that distinction so clearly as the rest of the world.

If Tom was heaven-sent to Ann, she was no less a wonder to him. From the first time he had seen her in his wanderings around Oxford Street, he

had been bewitched by her dark and delicate beauty. He had written many little things about her, likening her skin to porcelain, her eyes to velvet, her hair to black silken threads, her features to those of Grecian goddesses. She had listened in silent awe, wondering what this strange young man was about; but after a while she came to trust him and to accept him as different. Tom was delighted to find in her what he considered an excellent mind, although lame and untutored in its expression. She was surprisingly quick sometimes in grasping his ideas and remembering certain words the melody of which had pleased her. She was what he needed most of all in this heartless city that was deaf to his most urgent pleas: a sympathetic and appreciative audience. And she was much more valued because she was the only one who would listen, and believe, and encourage. How he would love to see her adorned in beautiful gowns—velvet especially, deep, soft, velvet for those eyes—; even now as he looked at her, he seemed to see the shabby blue dress transformed. He imagined her witty, accomplished, and handsome, holding the attention of everyone in elegant conversation — his lady! And he would have wrought the miracle, have saved her from the inevitable shame and misery that lay ahead for her now. Money! That was all he needed. He knew of only one source that was left.

"Ann, my dear, — listen. There may be one way I can get some money. Do you remember my speaking of Lord Westport? He and I traveled in Ireland two summers ago. He is at Eton now, I hear; if only I could see him and talk to him, perhaps he could help us. Yes, I'm quite sure he would. If there were only some way I could get to Eton—."

Suddenly Tom spied a coachman he knew at a near-by table. Without pausing to explain to Ann, he scrambled from his side of the booth and hurried over to the coachman. Ann watched him curiously as he tapped the man on the shoulder, watched the elder man's surprised expression turn to one of doubt and hesitation; and finally saw him smile and nod in response to Tom's torrent of emphatic words and gestures. In an instant Tom was back again, smiling and jubilant.

"That man over there," he explained breathlessly, "drives a coach between here and Eton. He's promised to trust me for the fare for a ride to Eton tomorrow. Oh Ann! I am sure this will work— Lord Westport has promised many times to help me; before I never wanted to impose upon him, but this is different, Ann; this is for us! In three

days I shall be back a rich man. Come," he said, taking her by the hand, "let's go home now."

Together they strolled home through dark and twisting back streets, chattering all the way of the freedom that lay, shining and limitless, before them and pausing now and then to squeeze each other rapturously in their new happiness. Tom had designed everything; they were to move across the city as soon as Tom had found them a place to stay, Ann sneaking out from under Mrs. Porter's watchful eye as best she could. Then they would live on their borrowings until Tom sold some of his manuscripts, which of course he must do soon—genius will not go unrecognized forever. Someday they would be able to repay the noble Lord Westport, and together they would celebrate the good fortune that his beneficence had generated.

They parted that night with sweet whispered promises and a secret, effervescent joy. As Ann closed the door behind her, she was not able to conceal the happiness that illumined her face. Smiling to herself, she started to hasten up the stairs to the quiet of her room where she might cherish her secret in private.

"Ann!"

The stern tone of her guardian's voice fixed her motionless upon the staircase. Slowly she turned around to see Mrs. Porter's eyes, hard and suspicious, glaring up at her. Ann's face fell as a cool reserve of manner came over her automatically in preparation for the unpleasant scene which must follow.

"Now what nonsense has that young man been telling you?" she demanded. "I saw you come in all foolish and lovesick. What sort of silliness are you two scheming at? Tell me!"

Ann descended until she was facing Mrs. Porter directly. She studied the harsh lines in the woman's face; the thin, set mouth; the drab, untidy hair. There was no beauty in that face, no glow to that complexion, no soft delicacy in those features—"Ann, sweet Ann, thy glowing skin makes dull the finest porcelain; thy raven locks—"

"Tom is a fine gentleman" she said steadily. "We are simply friends."

At this Mrs. Porter threw back her head and laughed shrilly. Ann stood silent and proud until the old woman stopped her cackling. Then she stood and regarded Ann with an evil grin.

"So it's friends you are, is it? Now, isn't that fine, to have such elegant friends. And what are you getting out of it, m'dear?"

She took a step nearer, watching Ann's face closely. The girl's expression remained distant and inscrutable.

"You haven't been contributing much to your keep lately, Annie. That's no way to treat your poor old guardian who put a roof over your head. I want to know about this elegant Tom, young lady. I'm warning you—tell me!"

With this her eyes narrowed and her hand moved up to strike such a swift blow at the side of Ann's face that the girl had no time to escape it. Stunned and enraged, but still dry-eyed, Ann moved away and rubbed her stinging cheek.

"I'll tell you," she hissed at the old woman. "I'll tell you about Tom. Tom isn't like the rest of your stupid men friends. He loves me; he thinks I'm beautiful. He wants me to be his lady and live in a beautiful house—even now he is planning to go to Eton and get some money; and before this week is over I shall be out of this miserable place forever! I shan't be like you, Mrs. Porter," she added contemptuously, "Tom will make me a lady and give —"

"A lady!" snorted her guardian. "A lady, indeed! Don't you know, you silly little idiot, that you're nothing but a common tramp? That you can never be anything else? That you'd be despised and snubbed by every fine lady in England, even if this young scamp did come back and marry you? Your fancy Tom must know it; he's making a fool of you, for sure. And you, stupid child, believing all his pretty words, while he was laughing at you all the while! He's probably laughing at you now with a crowd of his friends; right this minute mocking your foolish ways—"

"But Tom has no friend here but me! I'm the only one he loves; I'm sure!" But Ann's stricken look betrayed the fact that she was not sure.

"He'll never be back again, you'll see. Bring a little gutter-snipe like you home with him to be his lady, ha! And wouldn't his lovely high-class folks love that—if he has any. He'll never return, Annie, you'll see. You can wait from now till doomsday!"

And with this she wheeled and stalked across the hall. Just before entering the next room, she turned and leered at Ann, who, stood dazed upon the stairs. "We're simply friends," she said, mimicking Ann's voice; and then she disappeared through the doorway, laughing raucously.

Ann abruptly came alive, gathered up her skirts, and raced up the stairs to her room.

II.

Three days later.

The door to the house on Oxford Street flew open and Tom entered the dingy hallway. He stopped for a moment and looked around in bewilderment. No one was there but a plump old washerwoman, who was mopping the stairs and humming to herself in a flat and toneless fashion. Mrs. Porter's creaking rocker was unoccupied. Well, he would not bother to ask; he would go up anyway. He started to push past the old woman, but she seized his arm.

"Here, here, lad, you can't go up there," she said firmly.

"Why not? Where's Ann?"

"Ann who?"

"Why, Ann Kent, of course. She lives here—has for years. Haven't you ever worked here before? Where is she?"

The woman turned back to her mopping. She shook her head slowly as she reached into the bucket of dirty water. The veins of her dried-up old hands stood out as she wrung the mop.

"No Ann Kent livin' here, lad."

"Why, that's nonsense," Tom exclaimed. "She was here only a few days ago. She lived in that room at the top of the stairs, the second one on the right."

"Nobody livin' there now; I'm sure of that. I cleaned it up just this mornin'."

"See here", said Tom, "she must be here somewhere. Where's Mrs. Porter? Didn't she hire you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Porter, she's left. She told me to watch over the place and lock up at night. She won't be back for some time. No, lad, I'm afraid you won't find your Miss Kent." The words droned out with such total apathy that Tom's impatience was doubled.

"You're lying to me, you old witch!" Brusquely he pushed her aside and hurried to the top of the stairs. The woman shrugged and began to push the mop back and forth stupidly, watching the water dribble in little streams over the edge of the steps. Upstairs Tom stood gazing at what had been Ann's room. It was swept clean of all furnishings except the empty bed and the bureau and chair that seemed to cower in the corners of the room. She had left him, and he would never know why. She had betrayed him, and she was all that he had loved in this sprawling, greedy monster of a city. It had swallowed her up and it would consume him too. She had fled, but she had left one thing behind her

in her inexplicable flight; a small amber comb lay on the bureau. Still entwined around its teeth were a few shiny, jet threads. Tom stared at it dumbly, and at last picked it up and buried it in his coat pocket. He felt it slide down beside the money in his pocket. Suddenly, sickened, he took it out and hurled it across the room. He turned and shuffled down the stairs, brushing by the washerwoman without saying a word. She looked up as he slammed the door behind him. Wearily she leaned her mop against the wall and crossed the room to the doorway on the opposite side. She knocked lightly, and the door was opened by Mrs. Porter.

"I did like you told me," she said. "The young man's left now. I don't think he'll be back again neither, ma'am. He looked terrible sad when he went out. Will that be all, ma'am?"

Mrs. Porter slipped a few coins into the aged woman's grimy hand. "Yes, thank you, that will be all. If he comes back again, you are to tell him the same things. By all means, you are not to let him know where Miss Ann has gone, do you understand that?" The other nodded mutely and went back to pick up her mop and bucket. "A fine lady," Mrs. Porter muttered to herself, "A fine lady, indeed!"

The Lost Stranger . . .

(Continued from Page 10)

Change that damned station. She sounds like Ma used to. Didn't even know they died until a couple of years ago. Didn't give them much happiness. Pa was right. Had to go my own way. Ruined my own life and hurt lots of others. A saga of life. Wonder how many mistakes I've made all told. "Travelling Salesman and Farmer's Daughter". Joke. But it's on me. All the way. Tired. Guess I'd better lay over in New York. Get a good night's sleep. Didn't get much last night.

Saw Margie then. Saw her and kissed her outside of a little white house. Our house. Felt the kiss. Saw the kiss. Lived the kiss. Then the other car. On the wrong side of the road. Coming straight towards me. Couldn't get out of the way.

Awake again. Coughed. Blood came out and soaked the sheets some more. Lay there and Bill came in. Bill. After eighteen years. Found him. Or he found me. Too late.

How do I feel?

"Pretty well, Bill."

Tony ...

(Continued from Page 4)

of Europe. Yes sir, dog, you talk yourself into some-
thin' big, this time. I get him to play checkers, and
he beats me four games after I show him how to
play. It's mornin' by this time, and after givin' him
a few more drinks, I convince him we should go
down and get him a license. It's my plan to ask
him the questions on the form in front of the cops.
As soon as I get a few witnesses, and it gets in the
papers, I'm made.

We go to Station 14, and I get the papers. We
move to a little desk on the side where there's pen
and ink. I notice the desk man lookin' at me a little
funny, but I laugh when I think how he's gonna
be surprised. I turn to Tony. "Name?" He just
cocks his head, and sits there and looks at me.
"Name?" I say it a little louder. It's only after about
five minutes, when I start screamin' the questions

bill ratner

HASTE

The trees rush by;
Shadows leap from the darkness
As white lights stare blankly
Along the unwound spool of black.
A vortex of revolving wheels
Sucking in the rubble along the way
And spinning it with a grinding noise
That shatters.
Gusts of unleashed fury
Whip back the words and thoughts—
Press back the body and the soul.
All intent as the hum increases,
And gears revolve with higher speed
And mileposts flee with unending wrath
And fear
Grips our throats.
Faster and faster,
Metal straining,
Rubber whining,
The night goes on.
A shuddering, lurching, wrenching
Stop!
We can run no more—
The blackness advances in a tangible wall;
Reality on every side—
Our chase has ended, and we are caught.
All our haste was of no use.
We have come
Years too soon.

at him, that they finally grab me and put me in this
jacket. I calm down, and tell them he's a talkin'
dog, that I've been playin' checkers with him half
the night, and that we're goin' on the stage together.
But they don't pay any attention to me. And every
time I ask Tony to back me up, he just wags his
tail at me and looks dumb.

Then, just as I give up hope, I remember. He's
proud of his blood. I wait'll the cops sit me down
in a little bench, and move far enough away so
there's no immediate danger from their clubs. Tony
is sittin' about a yard away, lookin' at me and laugh-
in' that dog laugh, with his tongue hangin' out. I
figure he'll be so insulted, he'll yell right back. So
I bellow at the top of my lungs, "Speak, you ignor-
ant Irish bastard, speak!" The laugh fades off his
face, and he has a hard time holdin' his temper. I
can see his lips movin' as he counts ten. Then he
peers out the corner of his eyes at the cops that
are rushin' toward us. Then he stretches, lazy-like,
and whispers out the corner of his mouth, "English,
you bloody son-of-a-B, English." The last thing I
or anybody else ever sees of him, he's walkin' out
the front door and not even lookin' back. And then
they hit me, and here I am.

That's the truth, Doc. That's how it happened.
Stop shakin' your head Doc! Doc! Doc! Come back!
Let me tell ya what happened just once more . . .

The Disenchanted ...

(Continued from Page 7)

working on a thing like *Love On Ice*, even in Holly-
wood, or the resemblance between Halliday and F.
Scott Fitzgerald, but these things do not seem too
important, at least in regard to the novel, as litera-
ture.

This novel leaves no doubt that Mr. Schulberg
is a wonderful storyteller. Whether in his next novel
he will move up a rung and become an Author
(which we haven't seen in some time) is hard to
say. At least this book is pointing in that direction.

Moulin Rouge ...

(Continued from Page 6)

Rouge" exemplifies the universal theme of the tran-
sience of Beauty contrasted to the dark, everlasting
recesses of Ugliness wherein Beauty in its roughest
state sometimes lurks and thus is lost forever to
mankind, to be reclaimed only once in a lifetime
by such a man as Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec.

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

NUMBER 4...

THE PANDA



*"Let's get
down to
bear facts!"*

The sudden rash of quick-trick cigarette tests may have caused panda-monium on the campus—but our scholarly friend was unperturbed. He pondered the facts of the case and decided that one-puff or one-sniff tests

... single inhale and exhale comparisons are hardly conclusive. Proof of cigarette mildness doesn't come that fast! And that's exactly why we suggest ...

THE SENSIBLE TEST—the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test which simply asks you to try Camels as your steady smoke—on a pack after pack, day after day basis. No snap judgments needed. After you've enjoyed Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), we believe you'll *know* why ...

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than any other cigarette!**



Quarterly



Quarterly

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS

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Editorial

Spring is a green season. It is the season of youth and hope and poetry. So it is that the *Quarterly* presents this issue without apology.

In fact, the staff of the *Quarterly* is proud of its place among college literary publications; yet we feel that our magazine is a significant vehicle for expression on the University of Massachusetts campus.

We want to encourage and foster the need for intellectual and creative writing—perhaps even inspire to fruition the latent buds of our own college muses.

We want also to do better. It is for us to hope for more contributions in Poetry, Essay, Art, Reviews, Humor and Fiction.

Rewards

Outside the rain was still pouring down, hitting the pavement and sliding oil-like into the gutter. People rushing home from work turned up their collars in protest against its biting chill. I shivered in sympathy and moved back to the desk for the answer to my question. We were in Packard's Library—late in the afternoon. Only a desk lamp lit the graying room.

As I sat down Gerald Packard got up from behind his desk and leaned his six foot, broad, heavy length against it, pushing aside some papers.

"Yes, I know the answers to your questions and you know how close our friendship had been. You know, he was to have started across today to start his new assignment.

The night before last we went out to celebrate his departure. It was a night just like this, cold and rainy."

He looked up, from the spot on the floor he had been studying, with the same look of crushed acceptance that had surprised me before. Jerry Packard cowed! Who'd believe it.

He lighted a cigarette, puffed on it, half sat on the desk and began reflectively.

"Just about ten years ago, when I was a struggling young lawyer and Norm was breaking in as a cub, we met in court, at the Fox trial. Fox was being indicted for that big robbery. You know the one. Fox had been suspected of murder, dope smuggling, and various other activities, but his friends, the real biggies, always kept justice at arms length. Both Norm and I were new in our jobs, eager and determined."

Absentmindedly he crushed his cigarette in the large ashtray on the expensive looking desk.

"The great Jerry Packard," I thought, "sitting here talking to me. Me! Jerry Packard who'd had me thrown out of gatherings in which he'd had any say; the Jerry Packard who'd had me thrown out of his office, his headquarters and his home as often as I showed up; this was that same politician who had become so prominent so quickly; the Jerry Packard I had been trying, with little success, to get a line on for a little over three years. He was the aloof, powerful, rich director of our state. Now lawyer, now governor, just like that. To him I had become an annoying something in his hair. Why now has he welcomed me, or even

admitted me, especially me? Had Norman McGarry meant so much to him."

The droning of his voice interrupted my thoughts.

"... No I guess it was the other case we worked on together, but that was later.

"We hadn't been satisfied with the verdict at the time and of course Norm's older, more worldly companion regarded him with quiet disdain. Imagine. A cub reporter who didn't agree with a verdict—wasn't that jut too bad. As for me I had just become affiliated with the prosecution and my ideas were tolerated and no more. We worked on the case, on our own time. We worked hard and three months later we had given evidence which convicted Johnny Fox of the robbery. But, as you know, his friends got him out in five years. Now he is a big shot around town again.

During the trial and afterward we become good friends, Norm and I. When I started to move in political circles Norm didn't approve of my tactics but we worked at our friendship and saw as much as we could of one another. But you know about that."

"We both rose quickly after that first case and after about four years he was definitely one of the big boys in the paper and I, a much sought after lawyer through the influence of my friends. We worked together on a few other cases that gained for us recognition so that he soon won a spot as a foreign correspondent and I got to be very rich very quickly.

"Interested to know how I became so rich so quickly? You've haunted me how long trying to get something on me? Three years? This ought to do it.

"When Fox got out he had no love for me nor for Norm either for that matter. Maybe he would have just left us alone, maybe not. His friend convinced him that he shouldn't hold our work against us. Perhaps it would even be wise to cultivate us. He took their advice or at least he did with me—Norm wasn't buying any. Yes, you were right. I was all the things you warned Norm against, only I couldn't infect him. He liked what he was doing and the way he was doing it. That was that.

"While Norm was breaking you in on the paper

I was doing big things for and with Fox and Company. Things were going well and they decided a staunch friend as governor would make for a bigger and better set up—and here I am. It was just as quick as that. They can do just about anything they want here. We have worked efficiently and prosperously, somewhat greedily but always effectively. There has been no one to deny us. Whatever we wanted we took.”

He seemed to have shrunk a little as he moved from the desk to sit in the chair. His full face was a little pale and his eyes seemed to be reading from a hidden ledger. Only when he addressed me directly did he seem to remember me. The room was dark and the one light reflected off the desk to outline the figure in the chair. The rain still beat silently on the window. A slow drumming serving as background. It filled the lapse in his story. He sighed—one of resignation, and grief—and continued.

“Norm could have become a rich man too but he insisted on just sticking to his job. Did he tell you why he came back last time? We’ll I’ll tell you. He heard you were following me around and that it might become too dangerous for you. When he

saw me and I reassured him that I’d look out for you from a distance he accepted a new assignment. A big one. That night we went out together, remember? He told me he had to go back but that he had to leave certain information with his office about a set up he had searched out while he was here. He told me it was Fox stuff. I tried to convince him how foolish it would be, but Norm . . . Well, I told Fox. Fox told his friends. The friends spent a little money and now—Norm is dead. Dead, because I’m what Norm was fighting; because I’m a big shot; because I was his friend.

“He didn’t get a chance to use his information but maybe Phil McGarry can—after three years. There it is, all the evidence you can use, names, figures, dates, everything,” he said. And threw a large packet onto the desk. “Norm knew some of it but you have it all.”

In the chair, silent, motionless, slouched down, staring, a shadow on the edge of the lamp light, he looked more like a man who was dead. I was too filled with anger, grief and pity to say anything. I motioned him as I pushed back the chair—he didn’t seem to notice. I picked up the packet and turned away. I walked across the expensive carpeting, opened the great oak door and walked into the vestibule where the butler returned my hat and coat. He let me out into a cold, biting rain.

On the sidewalk I looked up at the window and saw the faint reflection of light. I turned away, pulled up my collar and walked slowly toward my office.

Luise Moncey

THE FRIEND

I picked you from a
Scraggled vine and
Your skin was smooth
And purple.
I mixed you with saliva
And sucked you to the core.
The seed was rotten.

Did I spit you out
And crush you beneath
A worn heel?
Gently I took you
From my mouth and
Placed you back upon
The scraggled vine.

Wait for another with
Mouth that matches
Seed.
He will swallow you.

Jean Ferson

APOLOGIA PRO POETICA SUA

O marvelous eye, that can behold
The Fall of Man in green bread mold,
Infinity in a ticking clock,
Convention in a Yale lock—

Although to you a hanging peach
Means Sweet Lost Love Just Out of Reach,
My unenlightened appetite
Is apt to make me want a bite.

In my surroundings do not sleep
Such implications wild and deep;
This wandering mind prefers its action
In higher levels of abstraction.

On Entertainment and Amusement

Such is the fallibility of our language, that a word like **entertainment** has acquired a great variety of meanings, and is often thought of as synonymous with several other terms. Though these terms may bear a portion of its meaning, they cannot be said to impart the full connotation of the word.

The term amusement is such a false synonym, and our acceptance of the sameness in meaning of these two terms reveals, I think, a most lamentable tendency in the modern mind. It is true that a man who is being amused is also being entertained, but the reverse is not necessarily true, for there are many forms of entertainment which are far from amusing.

As a case in point, I offer a fairly recent motion picture, **Lost Weekend**. Now, I am well aware that many consider the cinema to be well outside the pale of true entertainment, and would relegate the flickers to the pop-corn crowd. Nevertheless, the movies have assumed a position of some importance of late, and like the scratch in woolen underwear, we may wish they weren't there, but we can't ignore them completely.

From a critical point of view, **Lost Weekend** was not a production calculated to close up Broadway, or make Hollywood the Mecca for creative intellect. It was, however, an earnest, sincere attempt to provide its spectators with a clear picture of the horrors of chronic alcoholism. This was entertainment without amusement, and as such, foredoomed to failure in the eyes of the gag-seeking goons who spend their lives in the motion picture houses.

I remember only too well the manner in which this particular film was received by these laughing hyenas at my neighborhood theater. Everything went along fine until the hero began to search frantically for a hidden bottle. The audience immediately began to titter, although the desperate hunger on the actor's face was anything but amusing. This kept up until the place sounded like a group of schoolgirls reading the **Kinsey Report**. But the real corker (no pun intended) came in the middle of the picture. Our hero had been placed in an alcoholic ward. In the night, one of his bed-fellows suffered an attack of delirium tremens, and cringed in a corner of the room, screaming, as

hordes of imaginary beetles swarmed over his body.

The crowd loved it. Men, women, and children slapped their quivering thighs and shook with laughter. Even the couples in the rear balcony stopped to laugh for awhile. A donkey-eared youth in front of me let out a bellow like a pregnant cow in labor pains. This young gentleman obviously did not realize that this entertainment was not also amusement. If I'd had a copy of **Ulysses S. Grant** in my hands, I'd have brained him with it.

This deplorable practice of demanding amusement in all entertainment is by no means confined to the unenlightened. I have sat in too many college audiences, listening to too many hoots, cat-calls, and wrong-moment laughs to think that only the illiterates do not appreciate serious entertainment. The audience is never in rapport with the serious actor, and even with amateurs (who deserve a certain amount of leniency), the slightest slip, the smallest suggestive line is the signal for a detachment of watching wits to unload their fecal humor, to the discomfort of the player and the destruction of the play.

Nor is this nitrous-oxide attitude to be found only in theaters. It encroaches even upon the university class-room, and here, I am convinced, it is as much the fault of the instructor as the student. I do not mean that I dislike humor in classes; the capable instructor will take pains to prudently salt the meat of his lecture with a light anecdote, or an amusing comment. With some teachers, however, the salt begins to hide the meat. A good professor can be as entertaining when teaching the classics as **Groucho Marx**, but he need not resort to the same practices. I have listened to teachers joke about attempted suicides, I have endured travelogue anecdotes concerning, "my week-end at the shore," I have been subjected to subtle witticisms that **Milton Berle** wouldn't use. But rare is the man, I find, who has found the proper proportion of soft-soap and scrub-brush.

Of course, there is the opposite type of teacher, who feels that his students will hang on each word of an hour's harangue concerning the Greek origin of the term, **defenestration** (killed by being thrown out of a window). But I would rather nap com-

[Continued on Page 14]

THEME AND VARIATIONS

The Original Theme:

The eagle in his lofty nest,
The sparrow in his humble tree,
The countless sands so long caressed
By ocean waves incessantly,
Are symbols of the love so blest,
Of me for lovely Stephanie.

For I am as that sparrow low,
And yet I dare to raise my eyes
To her, and gaze enraptured so,
The echo of my anguished sighs
Is as the swish of surf below,
Which ebbs and flows, but never dies.

Variation 1:

As It Might Be Said By Ed Guest

It takes a heap o' lovin'
To make a girl yur wife:
Yuh gotta make allowances
For the one yuh takes for life.

For yuh think she's far above yuh,
Like an eagle in the sky,
And yuh think yur love is permanent,
That it'll never die.

An' when yur little kiddies
Come a'crawlin' on yur lap,
The though just plumb appalls yuh
That yuh mighta been a sap.

So if yew are like a sparrow,
Try to find a sparrow, too.
And don't mess around with eagles,
That is my advice to yew.

Yew'll be happy, even though the sea
Is rough all through yur life,
'Cuz it takes a heap o' lovin'
To make a girl yur wife.

Variation 2:

As It Might Be Said By Algie Swinburne

Here, where the waves are washing,
Here, where the sea-surf sweeps,
I sit on the sands of the seashore
And weep as a wise man weeps.

I ponder the puzzling problem
Of Love's long-delusive lure,
And wonder, while waiting and wanting,
If Death is a possible cure.

An eagle which soars in the firmament,
A sparrow which nests in a spruce,
Know nothing of anything permanent,
Their life is a war without truce.

And how can existence be different
For humans like us, than like those
Who fly in the breezes of summer,
And die when the winter wind blows?

For Love is like a lilac,
'Tis good for only one,
And when your lady leaves you,
Your love for Life is gone.
Then days are dank and dreary,
Are woeful, weak, and weary,
And as in an eagle's eyrie,
You, weeping soft, pass on.

Variation 3:

As It Might Be Said By Bob Davies

A penthouse for a bird—
Wheeling and crossing—
Pouncing like THAT
On a big, fat
Rat.
Wheeling and crossing.

Or a sparrow—
An early bird, getting his worm.
Not a Sparrow shall fall,
But the Lord God watcheth—
Wheeling and crossing.

Caw-caw.
I am a bird,
Stephanie.
And you are a big, fat
Rat.
Or a Worm.
Wheeling and crossing.

Fable for Moderns

Once upon a time, not so long ago, there lived in a not so far-off country a simple farmer and his family. In this family there were three daughters whose names were Hilda, Gilda, and Matilda. Now these three girls were about as unlike as girls can be. Hilda was the oldest. She was tall and skinny and as ugly as a mud fence. She considered herself "different"; and by art or by accident, so she was. As a child she had theatre aspirations; avidly she devoured the movie magazines and all the current movies as well. From time to time she was subject to imitative fancies; she had her "Tallulah Bankhead Days," wherein she lay around the house in slacks, smoked with a long black cigarette holder (a plastic one from the local five and ten, but she pretended it was ebony), called everybody "Dahling," and swore viciously. And then there were her "Marlene Dietrich Days," when she wore an old satin dress of her mother's which was slit up to the knee, painted on phony, pencil-thin eyebrows, and tried repeatedly to dazzle the hired man. He was unmoved, however, and titled her a "durned silly young heifer."

The next in line was Gilda. She was rather a delicate young lady and very, very proper. She was devoted, heart and soul, to Literature. She spent her day immersed in Milton, Dante, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and other great authors of "words beautiful and thoughts sublime." She was too, too bored with the world of materialistic reality, as she called it, and preferred to escape from the sphere of her sorrow through her constant reading and meditation. Every now and then she would snap out of it just long enough to claim that nobody understood her, and then she would retreat into a metaphysical mist. Life was too hard, too cruel. And to have the misfortune of being born on a farm! It was all too dreadfully crass, especially with all those animals around. They were so—animalistic somehow.

And the third of these daughters was Matilda. She was pretty cute, although rather chubby. Maybe because rather chubby. Her I. Q. was only 97, her favorite movie star was Donald Duck, and she wouldn't have known a transcendentalist if she had tripped over one. However, she was very good-natured. Anyone who lived with Gilda and Hilda had to be good-natured to survive. And

besides, she did a lot of work around the house, which was fortunate for the girls' mother; for if that good woman has had to depend on her two eldest daughters, the farmhouse would have looked like the pigsty.

Well, there came a day when the girls were 21, 20, and 19 respectively that the farmer called all his daughters together and said that the time had come for them to do something constructive; i.e., capture the nearest agreeable male and settle down to a life of *Kinder, Kuchen, und Kirchen*. Hilda became quite indignant and refused to bury her talent in the provincial atmosphere of South Burlap. That very night she packed her leopard-skin cape and thirty-six pairs of dangle earrings and took the next train to New York. Gilda was deeply hurt by her father's words. The thought of being turned out like a heifer to pasture was very repugnant to her. Crushed and bewildered, she threw her few clothes together (the suitcase was already jammed with the complete works of Goethe) and, Mozart records under her arm, she wandered out into the dark night intending to take the next bus to Boston. Matilda, on the other hand, listened to her father in respectful silence and figured what papa said must be the straight stuff. Besides, she already had a hulking, grinning farmer lad on the string, who was beginning to get that "You-and-I-could-raise-such-beautiful-cattle-together" look on his face.

And so Hilda, Gilda, and Matilda went out into the great wide world. (Now I suppose you are going to ask where did Hilda and Gilda get all that money to travel with and live on when their father was just a simple farmer. And who are you to be messing up the plot? This is my story, and I say they had it.) Hilda, as might be expected, high-tailed it for the capital of *La Vie Bohème*, Greenwich Village. There she installed herself in a garrett (naturally), which she decorated with crimson velvet drapes, abstract paintings, and lamps made out of Chianti bottles. Immediately she formed a group of friends, all of whom lived in garrets decorated with crimson velvet drapes, abstract paintings, and lamps made out of Chianti bottles. Together they stayed up all night discussing Freud, T. S. Eliot, Katie Cornell's latest play, and Lana's latest husband (Dahling, what I could tell you

about that woman!). The following day was spent in sleeping it off; and the next night they all began again, taking up where they left off. Meanwhile Hilda went around auditioning for theatrical producers, who somehow managed to keep a straight face while she was performing and then asked her politely to come back in a month or so and meanwhile they would keep her in mind. Hilda soon came to the conclusion that all producers had remarkably short memories. As time went on, however, she cared less and less about her career as an actress, for she was becoming absorbed in a new hobby. All sorts of animals began to collect in her little apartment; tiny purple elephants with long chartreuse ears, tall red flamingoes, and three cute bear cubs that played the flute, the oboe, and the bassoon, in that order. There was also a Plymouth Rock hen that smoked with a long black cigarette holder and looked astonishingly like Tallulah Bankhead. Hilda was quite fascinated with her menagerie and would just stay in the house all day long, watching them. But when she was overheard to offer them drinks, her friends grew alarmed; and one day some nice men came to take Hilda and her little pets away.

Meanwhile in staid and cultured Boston, Gilda was beginning to find her true element. She had enrolled at Radcliffe and was now working on a thesis called "The Preterational Supernaturalism Illustrated in the Third Section, Fifth Page, Second Column of *Biographia Literaria*." During her wanderings up and down the stacks of the Boston Public Library, she had encountered a young man by the name of Themisticles Lowell. Themisticles was also working on a thesis, and his was entitled "The Effect of Aristotelian Poetics on the Fifth Canto of Dante's *Inferno*." Love bloomed over the card catalogue. Together they read and they wrote, and in between the notes on poetics and preterational supernaturalism they exchanged tender billets-doux. At last they decided to get married and settle down in a little library of their own, where they would raise little bookworms and read happily ever after. So one day they took an afternoon off and carefully marking their places with bookmarks, went down to the City Hall to get married . . . But alas! they were not happy. It seemed that Gilda, what with all her elevated literary studies and everything, was still under the impression that children were Acts of God. And Themisticles, even though he was a Harvard man, was not without a smattering of virility. This was all

terribly upsetting to Gilda, and the idyllic dream-marriage that was to contain all the elements of Platonic Ideal Love ended in failure. There was, after all, something that Coleridge had not told her. And besides this difficulty, poor Themisticles—only a distant cousin of the wealthy Lowells—had not a cent to his name, being only a struggling Ph. D. And so they got a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility (his lack of income, her lack of pattivility). Gilda went back to her studies alone. When last seen, she was walking wearily somewhere between 821.5 C 33 and 924.7 D 52.

And now, at long last, we return to South Burlap to trace the fortunes of simple, smiling little Matilda. She and her farmer boy were now the prosperous, comfortable owners of a four-room farmhouse which had acquired eight annexes in the course of ten years. The family's farm of forty-odd acres had proven as prolific as Matilda, and kept them all deluged in a stream of home-grown vegetables, fruit, and healthy, fat pigs and cows for slaughtering. They had steak three times a week and all the milk they could drink. All over the community Matilda was honored for her disposition and her chicken dumplings. She thought her husband was the cleverest man in the world and her children the handsomest. The eight of them kept her so busy she never had time to think, not that she ever had such leanings. Neither she, nor her husband, nor any of her eight children had any illusions about themselves; and so they lived, in wealth and happiness, to the end of their days.

And the moral to the story, kiddies, is just what you've been thinking all along.

Bob Davies

A PRAYER . . .

Lord, make me your harp;
 Lord, pluck all my strings;
 We can make beautiful music,
 You and I together.
 Hurry Lord, I hear
 Thundrous lightning urbanity
 Nearing noisily now.
 Who in Hell can make music?
 Now is late and, tell me,
 Who can hear us? Lord.
 Quickly! Quickly Lord!

Mirages on the Desert

The theme of this essay is the better known Philosophy of Existentialism derived from the writings of the Danish Theologian Sren Kierkegaard as interpreted by the French writers, Sartre and St. Exupery. It's essence is disarmingly simple. It means no more than T. S. Eliot's truism, "Take no thought for the harvest but only in the proper sowing."

If the reader has trouble comprehending it let him think seriously of what he would do if he had but one day of earthly existence left, and after he has answered this question ask himself "Why?" (He would spend his remaining moments in this way). If this fails, let him think upon the circumstances attending the happiest moments in his past life, and in what way he himself made them come about, that is, how much the future occupied his mind at the time of them.

We are little black sheep who have lost our way—the beer is smooth and the song is sung and the laughter floats through the smoke. What is the "way" that we have lost? If life were all one boisterous, joyous night like this, would we go to Hell before we'd accept it? Perhaps it is in the forgetting—we lose ourselves and find pleasure in being lost. Is this it? Lost in a world kept close in a fog of blue cigarette smoke where everyone's a friend to everyone else. Is this our quest?

In goes the nickel and the steel disk slides onto the polished wood, and the juke box plays and the dishes clatter. The boys are clustered around, the bells and lights signal astronomical quantities of quick success—mastery over a hunk of steel and a slippery board and a mess of sensitive relays. Is this our adult sandpile where we play what we would become?

A picture in the school newspaper—front page. A special place in the year-book. A red jacket and a floppy hat. Helping the right people, joining the right party, saying the right things; climbing to success, when the favorite word in the school rag's editorials is "apathetic." Is this what we seek?

These examples I've chosen are symbolic and reveal real and present states of mind. What is this living, i.e., in-your-mind—experience in the doing? Has it the quality of a dream that fills the moment with pleasant multi-colored mist that soon blows away exposing the hard, wet and slippery rocks of "existing"? The question seldom comes except in fleeting moments of reflection. Seldom are the answers given.

A new response to these questions is growing in the minds of European students; it is beginning to be expressed in this country also: "We've been made fools. The ideals, the things people told us

were good, worth something, are dead! These values are refined rottenness! They are illusions which must be forsaken. Life is not the chasing of popular ideals, it is living the moment for the best that it can bring to experience. No going through saintly motions for pleasures which might come after death. No making friends for prestige or security that might come. No swearing allegiance to society's gods for rewards of position, power, comfort; all of them mirages on the desert horizon. We are drying out of our life-blood, torturing, destroying our minds in a mad struggle to reach them. Let the fresh air of the real here-and-now existence sweep away the ghostly images of democracy, success, religion, honor, pleasure and the other shimmering vapors! This language is hard and strong. It can be seized and used to bring another madness of blood and iron. It can lead to another myopic "roaring Twenties." Anarchistic hedonism and the authoritarian statism is again leading many astray.

Are there left amidst the filth and rubble stones still sound enough for building anew? I think there are. Perhaps this example will show what has happened and why there is still hope for finding material to rebuild: The tired medieval huntsman drained his tankard of bitter ale and lustily clanked it down . . . this was real drinking. The burgers grasped the idea, erected special places to drink and invented special ways of holding the glass, making the toast. People began to drink when they weren't even thirsty! A few generations later people made drinking a ritual, designing for it special clothes to wear. Now they fly from a life of boredom on the magic carpet of alcohol. Drinking is now not a part of life but an escape from it, a refined rottenness! At one time a leader

[Continued on Page 12]

Scene of Love

"Where you goin', Joe?"

"Out."

"You're always goin' out, Joe. When you goin' to stay home with me?"

"I'll be back."

"When?"

"Later."

"It ain't right, Joe. Can't you stay home one night?"

"For Chris' sake! You're always naggin'. What do you want me to do? We jus' gonna stay here in this godamn house an' look at each other?"

"It didn't used to be this way."

"Whaddya mean?"

"You used to take me out with you before. You liked being with me, Joe."

"I'm just goin' out for a beer or two with the boys."

"It's always with the boys, now. Why don't we go out together like we used to? Why, Joe?"

"Why? I don't know why! A guy's got to do somethin', that's all."

"We used to do lots of things together. We don't anymore."

"I gotta go."

"Stay, Joe."

"No."

"Take me with you."

"I'm goin' out with the boys."

"And you'll come home drunk."

"Shut up! Helen. For chris' sake shut up or I'll knock your head off."

"That's somethin' else you didn't used to do."

"What's that?"

"Hit me."

"No."

"Why do you hit me, Joe? You didn't used to."

"That was before."

"Before what, Joe?"

"Before we were married. Before I knew what a naggin' bitch you could be."

"I don't mean to nag."

"You do."

"Maybe it ain't all my fault. I'm the same as before we got married. Maybe you've changed, Joe."

"Whaddya mean?"

"You used to be kind. And gentle. You ain't anymore. Why, Joe? Why ain't you kind and gentle anymore?"

"Sometimes I feel I just gotta hit you, Helen. I dunno why. It's just a feelin' that if I don't hit you I'll bust. An' I hit you."

"You used to come right home from work. Now you've got to have a couple of beers with the boys before you come home. I never know when you're comin' home. Don't you want to come home, Joe?"

"What's the matter with a couple of beers after eight hours in that stinkin' factory?"

"You used to have them at home with me."

"What's a guy got to do? Spend all his time with his wife?"

"I want to spend all my time with you, Joe. All I can."

"But with guys it's different."

"Why, Joe?"

"Just 'cause we're guys."

"Do you go to other women? Is that it?"

"No, Helen. For chris'sake you know I don't see other women."

"Do you still love me, Joe?"

"What a question!"

"Do you, Joe? Do you still love me?"

"Yes! Chris'sake, YES! I love you."

"Stay home with me."

"I told the boys . . ."

"Just this once, Joe."

"I'll be back."

"Just this once."

"No!"

"Please, Joe."

"I gotta go."

"It'll be like old times. Like when we were just married. We can sit on the sofa and drink beer and talk. Like we used to, Joe."

"Helen, I said . . ."

"Or we can go to bed, Joe. Remember how we used to go to bed anytime we wanted? Even in the afternoon? That was fun. Makin' love in the afternoon."

"For chris'sake, Helen . . ."

"You don't make love to me like you used to. Now you're too tired or too drunk. You make cruel love when you're drunk, Joe."

"Cruel love!"

"Yes."

"That's a lot of crap."

"No it isn't. Only you don't remember."

"Crap!"

"I've shown you the marks, Joe. You've seen them. But sometimes I like you to make cruel love. I want you to. Sometimes you make me bleed and my blood gets on you. Then I feel closer to you than when you make gentle love to me."

"What in hell are you talkin' about?"

"When you hit me, Joe. It ain't right. But sometimes I want you to hit me."

"You're crazy, Helen! Honest to God sometimes I think you are crazy."

"I'm crazy for you, Joe. Maybe that's bein' crazy like you think, but I can't help that. Only you've got to spend more time with me."

"I gotta go. The boys are waitin'."

"No, Joe. Stay here with me. We'll drink beer here. There's some in the ice-box."

"Where's my coat?"

"And we'll make love, Joe."

"Helen! Shut up and let go of me!"

"Gentle love, Joe. Cruel love."

"Let me go, Helen! Let go . . . or I'll . . ."

"Hit me! Hit me! That's right, Joe. Hit me!"

"You asked for that, Helen."

"You're hurtin' me, Joe . . . Oh! . . . I want you to hurt me, Joe. I love you."

"You bitch. You're crazy!"

"Hit me! Make me bleed! Make me bleed, Joe!"

"Shut up! Shut up!"

"I'm bleeding, Joe."

"I know."

"You're goin' out?"

"Yes."

"Good night, Joe."

"I'll be back."

"Yes."

Mirages On the Desert

[Continued from Page 10]

Bill McGrath

A PRAYER

One o'clock, two o'clock,
Here's our plea;
One o'clock, two o'clock,
Set us free!
Time is no excursion;
Make a drastic version.
Tell us what to love,
You thing up there above.
Never soon, never late,
Never now, never fate,
What are we to do?
Give us any clue.
You're the one—the brain;
You're the one to gain.
Stop this timeless talk,
Doff your humble frock,
Pick this devil's lock
And take us out of hock.

rose from a gutter-existence, fought victoriously with his weakness, then led his comrades to share the spoils. Now victory is dead—no cheers, only a top rung on a shaky ladder and an ulcer of fear eating away a little battle won at **calculated risk**. Now only the few remembrances of political theory and a prejudiced vote, where once there was the glory of making free. Democracy is dead. Once a pilgrimage, a burning pulpit fire; now a business man's credo of "Ten Steps To Happiness." God, too, is dead?

No more will we be dupes to the mirages. No more will we pursue the fleeting chimera of religion, play-acting saintly notions, playing God and ourselves the fool. Now, a wrestling with the dark angels of mystery, grasping the burning flame. No more a defense of the status quo and a petitioning of the gods of nationalism for peace and plenty that never comes. Now, a togetherness in defense of the minority: the unwashed, unlettered and unfed; the Rousseaus and thoman Paines of the Atomic Age.

Book Review

Not being acquainted with Boston nor the writings of Frances Parkinson Keyes creates an uneasy feeling of inadequacy in the prospective critic of *Joy Street*. He not only denudes himself amid the startled glances of Bostonians and of Mrs. Keyes' followers (of whom I hear there are many and now can rightly understand), but he is also unable to make use of those comparisons reviewers find so convenient. It is to be noted, however, that the corresponding lack of complicating misconceptions or prejudices about Boston and the author is a balancing factor in the critic's favor. Whether rightly or wrongly, the reading of *Joy Street* does produce very definite impressions of Boston life; actually, if one is willing to accept the general comments of Bostonians on this novel, Mrs. Keyes' observations are both keen and accurate. Nor will the reviewer ever find himself unfamiliar with her writing again. There are some 490 pages in *Joy Street* for the reader to acquaint himself with the author, besides an intimate and detailed account of her preparation for this novel as an introduction in the preface. In the past this personal touch led her even to the writing of a book entitled "The Cost of a Best Seller."

The idea of wading through 490 pages may repel the modern mind, which, like literature, seems to be growing more popular each day in an abridged version. The reader should find Mrs. Keyes, indefatigable style very rewarding, however; her verbosity is a strangely stimulating factor in her writing! *Joy Street* is not a simple story; in fact, it would be difficult to imagine any other treatment than that given it. Although the thread of unity may be momentarily obscured, it is never actually lost. Even when Mrs. Keyes seems to lose herself in a maze of apparently irrelevant detail, she is enabling the reader to gain new insights into her characters by allowing him to see them from entirely new perspectives. Her characterizations cannot be stereotyped; each personality is that of an individual human being surrounded by all those complexities which do not permit a mere suggestion of the character to stimulate a set response on the part of the reader. If one were to catalogue human beings in pigeon holes, Mrs. Keyes' would probably have as many pigeon holes as there are

people. It is this very real attitude towards her characters and towards humanity as a whole that places this reader's copy of *Joy Street* in an exalted position on his bookcase. Each character we meet is three-dimensional, embodying representative human qualities, to be sure, but presented to us in a very biting fashion that defies any shallow subjectivism on the part of an unthinking reader. Mrs. Keyes' commanding style projects us successfully into the world she is recreating for us. The reader learns to know her characters, and if not to like them, to love them!

Joy Street takes us back to Boston from 1936 to 1946 to tell us the story of Emily Thayer, a young woman of both wealth and social rank, and that of Roger Field, a struggling young Bostonian, who has to plod diligently to regain the social position he inherited from birth. Their problems as a young married couple shadow the opposing sides of famous Beacon Hill, one of New England refined living, the other of drabby lower-class existence. Both Emily and Roger have very noble ideals; they want to make their home a "center of good feeling." Experience alone can teach them that not all ideals are within our grasp in this world. Emily's marriage thrusts upon her an entirely new world to explore, a world wherein many new problems which she alone can conquer beset her. Roger's limitations place before him many heart-breaking obstacles of almost crushing proportions. Only through experience, disillusionment, and even tragedy, do they emerge triumphantly. Emily learns the true meaning of love, the fulfillment of desire; above all, she knows herself. Roger achieves the supreme happiness he had searched for so vigorously. Were a moral to be tagged on *Joy Street*, it would be that of "live and learn."

Mrs. Keyes manipulates her characters successfully in their influences upon the lives of Emily and Roger Field as well as in their own lives. The impressions of the brilliant David Salamount, the self-sufficient Brian Collins, the magnetic Pellegrino deLucca, and, God bless her, Old Mrs. Forbes are not fleeting snapshots but artistic paintings in which the author conveys to the reader ALL the elements that constitute a human being.

A very real understanding of human nature is reflected in *Joy Street*, a book with both heart and soul. It is indeed refreshing to find an author who does not have to revert to sheer materialism or sloppy sentimentalism as a vehicle for her literary efforts. Like a true artist, Mrs. Keyes has woven all the elements of a novel into an artistic pattern which should prove satisfying to discriminating readers.

Bill Ratner

FRONT

Bravely.
Do not bow.
They will laugh
At a tear.
Feelings—
Not to be shown.
Torments—
To be hidden.
Climb the stairs.
Close the door.
Cry.
Tug
Your hair.
Strangle
Your pillow.
Then wash
And comb
And smile
And open the door.

Bill McGrath

FAWN

Like an amber frightened fawn
She listens near a nylon pool—
Leaving agile prints in cool
Moss, till cries of man are gone.

A pine nearby rustles "now"—
She drinks, not seeing her image bow.

On Entertainment and Amusement

[Continued from Page 6]

fortably through an hour of such piddling than be disturbed in my slumbers by a monologue of snappy sayings and witty stories, or autobiographical sketches.

I hope the reader does not infer from all this that I am an enemy of the belly-laugh. I can giggle as foolishly as the next man. But I believe that humor, like any other good spice, must be mixed moderately, and with temperance, unless it is to destroy all taste in the food for our thought

Bob Davies

A WOMAN'S PLOT

In a trailer camp,
Three-pronged fork in hand,
A woman putters in a garden plot.

The soil and woman mixed,
Flowers will grow bunched together.
Not one row of tulip.

In the shade of dusk
A man walks by;
She cannot fully see his face.

About the streetlamp globe
White onion-skin Mayflies fog
And drop one by one.

Still, in wrinkled infirmity,
A woman putters in a garden plot
In a trailer camp







Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

Number 6...THE BEAVER



FOR once in his life, our fervent friend admits that eagerness can be over-done! He's alluding, of course, to all these quick-trick cigarette tests—the ones that ask you to decide on cigarette mildness after just one puff, one sniff, one inhale or one exhale! When the chips are down, he realizes cigarette mildness can't be judged in a hurry. That's why he made...

The sensible test... the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test which asks you to try Camels as your steady smoke—on a pack after pack, day after day basis. No snap judgments needed. After you've enjoyed Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), we believe you'll *know* why...

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than any other cigarette!



Quarterly



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Editorial

As a word to the passing senior class, we can only regret that many of your ideas have not been presented in the *Quarterly*. In the interests of future graduates, therefore, the *Quarterly* makes a new bid for ideas from the remaining students, for creative originality and for toleration of what we believe is the birth of art.

About Our New Authors

michael budnyk, a student from Galicia, is an agronomy major.

alida kolk, who was born in Holland and attended colleges in both Holland and France, is a special student at the university.

sylvia kingsbury '52 has centered most of her literary activity on the feature staff of the *Collegian*.

william spencer '52, an English major, combines writing with choral singing.

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BIRCHES IN THE NIGHT

Ghostly
Columns of white
Pursuing eerie
Night ways.
Silent bards
Wordlessly singing
A hymn.
Passing in the mist,
Fleeing with their
Virgin song
From Man.

dick lettis

ODE ON THE QUARTERLY

I'd like to read you, *Quarterly*,
But when I pick you up I see
Doubt and death and deep despair;
Sophomoric, tragic air.
Scraggled vines and deep dark pits;
Ghostly phantoms, doing splits;
Nihilism preached in tears
By kids not dry behind the ears.
Or tragic tales about a guy
Who loves a dame and don't know why;
Or tenement slums, and sexy vice;
Or anything that's not too nice.
In short, the whole darn thing's so fearful,
I cannot read, it makes me tearful.

Quarterly First in Art



Sentinel

edwin devine



Age of Steel

everett kosarick

bill mcgrath

IN A FALL GRAVEYARD

Old man, tell me how to use
My heart — my heart, which only knows the grief,
Of falling leaves, has only heard unhurried
Winds eroding sculptured centuries, heard
Them sweeping pyramids and colosseums
While waiting skyscrapers mark
The infirmity of graves yet unfilled.
Old man, tell me how to know
My heart when trees no longer leaf in Spring.

A Dream

I was there before I knew it, and took my place quietly among the others. We all stood in our places before the building, waiting. It was a massive structure, and I couldn't quite place its architecture although the columns were Doric and the gargoyles on the roof Gothic.

I stood in the crowd staring up at the gargoyles. They were a bit frightening. There was something familiar about them, something I had seen before in many faces, but never could identify. Their bodies were twisted, misshapen, crouched in a pouncing attitude on the roof. From their mouths tiny arms and legs protruded, so well-done that they actually seemed to kick and wave in the last throes of death agony.

But the most terrible thing about these statues was their eyes, which appeared to glare down on us in malevolent triumph. I shuddered when I met their eyes; they seemed to say, "We'll chew you soon, we'll chew you." But no one else seemed to notice and we all remained there, staring up at the figures on the roof.

Suddenly, a girl stepped out from behind one of the gargoyles. She was a good-looking blonde, the chorus-girl type. She was very clean and well-dressed, almost elaborately so, as though dressed for a ceremony of some sort. She stood there and looked down at us, as though waiting for a signal.

Then someone in the crowd cried in an urgent voice, "Don't jump!" The cry was taken up by several others and soon we were all calling, "Don't jump! don't jump!" in frenzied voices. She shook her head once or twice, touched her temple with her fingers and took a hesitant step toward the edge. Our cries increased, became louder, more urgent as she neared the edge. Our cries became a chorus, took on a primitive beat, till we sounded like savages around an altar. As she hesitated at the brink, the thunder of our voices rolled up to her, enveloping her, tugging at her. She didn't leap, she simply leaned out from the roof and fell in the same position as she had stood.

The crowd shrieked as she fell, and moaned as she struck the ground. I was standing too far back to see her hit but I moaned too. No one moved. There seemed to be more.

Other figures began to step out from behind the gargoyles on the roof. They were all shapes and sizes, all colors and nationalities. I heard someone behind me say, "Well, at least we're not prejudiced." One by one they approached the edge, hesitated and jumped. The more we called the more they leaped into space. But still we kept on calling.

At last my eye caught the figure of a small negro girl, nearing the edge. She had a light oval face, big round eyes and two black pig-tails hanging down her back. She approached the edge as in a trance, not seeming to realize where she was. I screamed hoarsely to awaken her and it almost seemed as if it were my scream that startled her; she lost her balance and fell. As her body dropped from that immense, terrifying height she began to scream, too. And suddenly she was I and I was she, and I was falling, falling, terribly falling, and as I looked down at the earth rushing up to meet me, I saw that it was peopled with gargoyles with malevolent, triumphant eyes and bloody, gaping mouths.

bob davies

A GENTLEMAN'S SPRING

They are tapping the maples for sap;
On the way to tea I tap
My cane in the spirit of Spring.

I have all my life been a man
Respected by friends and society.
Mother would be proud of me.

Never a family man,
Today I stared at a boy
Sadly wishing he were mine.

For fifty years my eyes
Have pleased the blushing ladies.
And Spring brings foolish sighs.

September, 1944, was a feverish month in Dutch history. After four years of German occupation, the allies approached our country; it seemed to be the long awaited liberation.

Fortunately we did not know then that this liberation for the western part of Holland would take place nine months later, that we still should have to pass through the most horrible nine months Holland ever knew.

This September and especially one day, September 5th, the day that is later called in Dutch history "Crazy Tuesday", formed for us the most high strung points of the German occupation. "Crazy Tuesday," the day that word was given that the allies were before the three big cities — Rotterdam, the Hague, Amsterdam; when people thought that they were free again; when Germans fled in panic towards Germany, followed by the Dutch collaborators who tried to save their lives. That evening; when people came home-wards after waiting for the liberators who did not come and when slowly the news came through that all had been rumors —.

And later in that September, Sunday, September 17th: when the Dutch government in London proclaimed a railroad strike for the whole of Holland and people thought that this now surely was the sign that liberation was near —.

The terrible end of that September month: when people began to realize

slowly that liberation was perhaps further off than ever; when the German terror stuck harder than before.

* * *

September 4th. This morning we had nearly an empty class. Meta was not there. Probably she has gone again to see that German soldier in the bunker. She is crazy to do this. Well, after the war she will know what she has done. Of course the younger boys were there; the older ones you see less and less.

At twelve o'clock I heard people saying that the Allies had Brussels and at six o'clock I heard they had Roermond already, they landed in Zeeland and they were approaching the border of Brabant.

I wish I saw Huub again. If I were not in love with Gerard I could fall in love with Huub. I had hoped to see Gerard today. Of course it is not good, but I hoped that he could not get to Zeeland, then he would have to hide again at our house. But in some way he probably could have gone to Zeeland; otherwise we would have seen him. I wonder where he is now.

The Germans left their coast fortifications and the Dutch Nazis don't know what to do. Our neighbor walks with his head down and that bitch three houses farther in the street does nothing but say how anti-German her husband is! They are afraid now but before the invasion they were not — not at all, the scamps. I would like to ask Dick if he still feels something for this

Nazism. I shall ask him tomorrow, at least if I go to school. Perhaps the Allies will be here by then.

September 5th. Nothing special happened today. They are in Breda, not farther. This morning people told each other that they had the Moerdyk Bridge, Rotterdam, Delft, that they were even at the other end of the Hague.

Hundreds of people stood waiting there for them with orange and red white and blue flags and flowers. But they did not come.

Most Germans and Dutch Nazis fled. Dick was not at school this morning.

The first hour this morning we had chemistry; the principal was teaching. There were only twelve of us, most of us, girls. This afternoon we did not have classes; the teachers did not come. The principal told us that we could leave school; we had to know ourselves if we wanted to come back again. I don't think I will go to school till after liberation.

Meta saw Shultz yesterday in the bunker. If she had arrived there five minutes later she would not have met him; they closed the bunkers. You see few Germans in the streets.

This afternoon I went to see Rita. We laughed a great deal. Rita wore my dress and I wore hers and we made ourselves up with lipstick. It was fun, but I don't like that red stuff. Her principal had told the students that they could go home too. They all sang the national

Occupation of Holland

anthem together and cheered for the Queen and Country. They are free till after liberation.

Gerard has not yet come. I wish I knew where he is.

September 7th. Still no liberation. People even say that they won't come at all.

This morning I went to school again; you can't stay at home all the time. We were eight. We did crossword puzzles.

The principal is a sissy; we wanted to do some gymnastics, and he would not let us. And it is always my fault. He is a coward. He always was pro-German, otherwise he would never have got the job. Now he wears a little red, white, blue stripe at the back of his buttonhole! He plays with his lapel to show off the stripe.

September 9th. I met Meta when I stood in line at the grocer's. Shultz had phoned her; the bunkers are open again. The rats come out of their holes now that there seems to be no danger anymore.

It seems that a man, selling little red, white, blue flags, has been shot by a German in the city.

September 11th. Yesterday I heard for the first time the sound of a V2 bomb, and today I saw it. First you hear a high thrilling sound, then you see a white stripe of condensed smoke that goes high into the sky and which turns suddenly nearly 90 degrees. When the stripe is turned, you see a very little black point, the

bomb. There are three launching places near here.

Today I heard that there was formed an army of Dutch boys who were in England. They came over and are now fighting with the Allies at the southern frontier.

I saw Huub at school. He was very kind to me. I like him very much.

September 14th. Huub comes here every evening. It is a pity that everybody has to be in at eight; you have so little time. They say that very soon we shall have to be in at six, a new punishment measure of the Germans.

Huub told me that he had been a boy scout before the war, and he will join the scouts if they start again after liberation.

September 15th. Last night a V2 went wrong. I was awake when they started it. The high thrilling sound and then nothing at all. I did not know what happened, but I was suddenly frightened. There was a reddish flash of light through the curtains and a terrible boom; I cried and the windows of my room were broken.

The bomb fell back near its starting place; the houses there are completely destroyed and nearly a hundred people are dead. A girl and boy of our school were among the dead.

Maastricht and Valkenburg are taken; it seems that Aken is surrounded. The Dutch girls that went with Germans in Maastricht are punished.

All their hair is cut off, and their skulls are painted orange. Meta is afraid now; she thinks she won't go to see Shultz anymore. She should have thought so before.

The principal has sent cards to the boys of our school to tell them they have to come to school again. I don't trust this. Perhaps there will be a raid very soon. I hope the boys won't come.

September 19th. In the meantime much has happened. When we listened to the English radio Sunday evening at Rita's home, Mr. Gerbrandy proclaimed a railroad strike for the whole of Holland. The Queen spoke afterwards.

I ran home when I heard about the strike. It seemed as if Pappa and Mamma had known it already for a long time.

Pappa left home immediately that evening. He wore a pair of spectacles and a hat. That changed him completely. I don't know where he is now. Mamma said I had to go to Rita's home for some days. I sleep now on a couple of chairs in the living room. Mamma and Willy have gone to a family in the neighborhood; Mamma said I should not come to see them and that I should soon hear from them.

It is better not to go to school now; the principal knows that Pappa is a railroad official.

The Germans are terrible at this moment. First of all they can't do a thing about the strike and that

Continued on page 16

EXPECTATION

Dad came in from chores, rattling the milk pails and sloshing hot water around the kitchen sink. Mother was so occupied that she didn't even look up, just continued folding over the edge of the pie crust and printing it with her finger.

"Well, it won't be long now," Dad observed, glancing at the numerals on the big clock over the table. "He's s'posed to get here about ten, isn't he?"

"Mmm, he's probably on his way to the bus now."

Mother went to the oven and pulled out a steamy tray of spicy ginger-smelling cookies. She tested them lightly with her finger and then lifted them onto the shelf by the sink. Her movements were quick as she slid each cookie from the waxed pan to a cooling rack. Then she hurried the three pies into the oven.

Dad lifted the lid of the stove and growled:

"You don't expect to bake without a fire do you?"

He stoked it up with several large sticks and continued:

"Just cause Dick's comin' you're all in a tether."

"I know," Mother agreed as she rushed various dishes from the table into a dishpan. "Isn't it wonderful though? He hasn't been home for six, no five, weeks."

"Six weeks," Dad grunted and sat down in the big rocker in the corner of the room. He pulled his slippers from under the chair and began unlacing his heavy shoes. "A boy can't get home too much when he's in college," he observed. "Has to study, keep up with the other fellows."

"Then there's Janie," Mother agreed. "He'll probably have lots to tell us about her."

"And his frat- er- you know."

"Mmm, the fraternity. I wonder if he'll want to cut a pie tonight. He likes to eat 'em hot, that's why I waited till the very last minute. I'm glad we had those few apples left down cellar; apple

pies are his favorite."

"You're figgerin' on pancakes for breakfast, aren't you? He'll want maple syrup on 'em."

Dad filled his pipe and stuck it in his mouth.

Mother swished the last dish into the cupboard, dumped the water down the sink, and flew to the ice box where she took out a bowl.

"I'm going to get this mix all ready for Dick to churn ice cream tomorrow. He can have pie, like he says, 'a la mode'."

Dad nodded and took a deep drag on his pipe. With a disgusted oath he took it from between his teeth and glared into the bowl. Then he drew out a match and scratched it belligerently.

He was lighting the pipe as the phone rang.

Mother stopped beating and stood momentarily motionless.

She turned and her eyes met Dad's; then she hastened into the other room to the telephone.

Dad sat silent in the rocker watching the door. Mother appeared.

"He can't make it this week-end. At the last minute Janie asked him home with her. . . He said. . ."



Portrait

susan mitchell



Tight Little Isle

nancy whitbread

Love and Chivalry

Christmas Eve, 1946, found us, a group of close friends far from home, exiled in Graz, Austria. A local foreign-student organization had arranged a communal Holy Supper to which we were invited.

In accordance with the ancient Ukrainian custom, we first sang a few "kolyadki", but rather softly, timidly, so that we would not waken the others in the building. The singing livened us up, however. We began discussing the various Ukrainian customs connected with Christmas. Friend Volodimir refilled our cups with steaming tea.

"Listen, friend," he broke in. "The night is long. Let's enjoy ourselves in some manner, but quietly. Suppose everyone tells a story based on some incident in his life that happened on Christmas Eve. . . . That should be interesting."

For a moment there was absolute silence as each of us tried to recall some such incident. Friend Mikola was the first to break the silence:

"Your minds are sluggish," he said, "and so I will tell my story first."

My story takes place in the winter of 1942-1943, on the Ukrainian-German front near Dubno. It was Christmas Eve.

I was a lieutenant of the Ukrainian insurgent Army, in command of a platoon in the sector near the village of Sokoliv, a place memorable both for us and our enemy. The fighting that time was a long drawn out struggle. Neither the enemy or our-

selves could dislodge one another from his position. As a result, both sides dug in. Fighting diminished in intensity, which left more time on our hands than before. Leaves of absences were granted quite regularly.

But where could a soldier on leave go when he was so near the front? Some sat around in the rough shelters and played cards, talked, while others went to the nearby villages. Among the latter was I.

In one such village, which I shall call Slavianiw, I found a most welcome relaxation. I went to the local preceptor's and there met his very pretty, and what is more important, intelligent daughter, 18-year-old Slavka. She was a Seminary student, but now at home because her parents feared to be alone so near the front.

Slavka was a most agreeable girl, of a happy disposition, dreamy; and I was 22. . . . No wonder that we, having met, became inseparable. I fell deeply in love with her — and, it seemed to me, she returned my love. Hardly two weeks had gone by when we had already determined to plight our troth. Christmas Eve coming in a few days, we decided to tell her parents of our intention then, and by the Jordan Holiday get married.

I was happy as a lark, but as yet I did not disclose my love for her to anyone.

But no . . . there was one whom I told. His name was Roman. He was my closest friend. We had known each other well from boyhood,

attended High School together, and now, being lieutenants in the same sector, were inseparable comrades, so much so that we were dubbed "twins". And thus only he, my friend Roman, knew my secret, and in my company several times visited the girl's home as the guest of her parents. I disclosed to him my intention of marrying her. And he gave every impression of his happiness at the news, congratulated me heartily, and began to prepare to be the best man at my wedding. I did not anticipate any trouble from anyone, and impatiently awaited Christmas Eve — and then, Jordan!

But! Trouble never sleeps!

Came Christmas Eve. And it so happened that my company became transferred to my sweetheart's village. It could not have been any better!

"Well, today is the day of your major offensive on the ramparts of your Slavka's heart!" exclaimed Roman banteringly.

I nodded vigorously.

"Yes, today is the day. I shall propose to her, ask for her parents' consent, and then we shall become engaged!" And in my happiness I vigorously pumped his hand.

"Go, pal, and good luck to you!" Roman said as I was leaving. And I went.

The Holy Supper went off very pleasantly. My Slavka's cheeks were red as roses. We both had considerable difficulty in repressing our excitement while waiting for a suitable

moment to break the news to her parents.

Finally that moment arrived. After we had sung the first "kolyada," I rose from behind the table and approached her parents. Just then I heard a slight sound outside the window, as if someone had darted past. But in my present state of nervousness, I paid no attention to it. I stepped up to the father and mother of my Slavka, and, bowing ceremoniously . . .

Suddenly, the door was flung open. It banged against the wall. In the doorway appeared my friend Roman. He looked wild and dishevelled.

"Christ Is Born!" he greeted us excitedly, and then turning to me, cried:

"Mikola, don't lose a moment! The enemy has broken through our lines! Our forces are in full flight. They are nearing the village right now! There is no time to lose! Come!"

I felt as if the ground had dropped out from under me. My Slavka was pale as a ghost. Her parents looked as if they were about to faint. However, I did not utter a word. Just a "good night" and I was out of the house.

Two saddled horses were standing nearby. I looked inquiringly at Roman.

"I got the horses because our commands are far from the front, and we will have to race to catch up with them," Roman explained. "So let's go!" — and off we went.

We galloped with the wind for about two miles. All around us was deathly silence. Above a full moon shone. Our racing shadows cast grotesque shapes on the snow-covered ground.

"Why is everything so quiet, if there was an attack?" I asked Roman, who was riding at my side.

"Probably a lull," he replied. "Over there yonder, beyond the rise in the ground, are our troops."

We galloped on. Finally we topped the rise.

Nobody was in sight. All quiet and peaceful.

"What is this, Roman? Are you playing a joke on me?" I cried, bringing my horse to a halt. A sudden thought struck my mind. Yes! That was it! Now I knew!

"No, Mikola, I'm not joking," replied Roman. "I was never more serious in my life. Listen, I purposely got you out of the house so that you would not become engaged to Slavka!"

"But why?" I exclaimed, amazed. "Don't you want me to take a wife for myself? Why?"

"That's not it, Mikola. The fact is — I love Slavka too! And whether she is to be yours or mine, we shall settle right now with weapons . . . !"

"Oh!" I cried, wounded to the very heart. All my ideals came tumbling down before my feet. . . . But quickly I recovered my self-possession. Jumping off my horse I drew my revolver, and said:

"Agreed, comrade! Get ready! Five steps . . . !"

Roman took his position five paces away from me and drew his revolver.

"On 'three' we shoot! Aim well!" — and he began to count off.

"One . . . two . . ."

Suddenly the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun was heard, followed by sounds of heavy firing. We could hear the cries and shouts of men, somewhere to the left of us.

For a few seconds we stood there like graven images, then slowly lowered our guns.

"Mikola!" spoke Roman. "Let's leave this to some other time, for it will indeed be a crime to settle a personal dispute at this time."

I nodded my head in assent.

Without another word we both mounted and galloped off to the sound of the firing. In a quarter of an hour our company fell upon the enemy who was attempting a flank movement and quickly wiped him out. Such was Christmas Eve in 1942.

And in the early morning, when our work was over, I stood by a sleigh, and on it there lay — Roman, dead. He had been killed in the thickest of the fighting — a hero's death.

Standing there by his corpse, the corpse of my dearest friend, I resolved — Farewell, my Slavka, forever! . . . My friend Roman won you and not . . . for he laid down his life before me in a holy cause — Ukrainian Freedom. I shall never become engaged to you. That is my duty to my dear comrade, who loved you too. . .

And thus I wrote to her — about everything, just as it happened — and from that time I have never heard from her nor seen her.

Petty

The room was white and bleak with only a few sprays of wilting gladiolas to relieve the white monotony. In one corner of the room was a bed shielded by a screen. An elderly lady lay on the bed. Her face contracted with pain. The bed jerked and was still until another pain shot thru the frail body. A nurse came in and stirred the air. The woman opened her eyes hopefully. "Jimmy?" Disappointed, she closed her eyes with a sob. Competently the white nurse took the pulse, walked to the foot of the bed, recorded the pulse beat on the chart, and passed quickly to the other patients.

Outside the room in the hall a group of men were arguing in hushed voices.

"Bates, if you know where he is, tell us and we'll bring him back."

Bates scornfully looked up from the letter he was reading. "You guys said the last place he was seen was a small Pennsylvanian town. Hampton wasn't it?"

"Yea, we know all that, but that was a year ago. He's had plenty of time to hit the road. Jacobs said you had some late scoop. The old lady's in there dying and you still won't co-operate."

Bates jerked straight. "I bring Jim back and you guys clamp him in jail." He blocked any objection with his hands. "The guy's had it tough. Old man dead. No money. Only his ma. He loved her, I know. Sure he robbed old man Gleason's market, but what did he take? Food and about ten bucks. You found out what he did with the money — shoes and a dress for his mother. You know he looked for work — too young. His mother was sick then, but did the city help them? No, they paid you guys to find him.

"Two months ago you learned the kid had been sending money to his mother, then you start blaming a few petty robberies on the kid. Now his mother is in there dying and you work on my sympathy to bring him back, so you can get a pat on the back from the commissioner. Well, listen to this letter."

Thief

Dear Mom,

How have you been lately? Sorry I couldn't send more money last month, but things have been pretty rough here. Don't worry about those fellows I was telling you about. They are a little rough, but still good eggs.

Mom, I may not be able to write too often in the future since we've got a big job coming up, and my job will be to scout around. I wish I could be with you, but the big boss says no. Remember, Mom, I still think you are pretty swell.

Love, Jimmy

The burly police sergeant blew out, "Where the hell is he? That gang sounds tough. We might be able to stop a little bloodshed."

Bates looked sadly at the sergeant. "You won't be able to stop any bloodshed and you won't get Jim." He handed the letter over.

The sergeant grabbed it and glanced at the postmark. He looked up slowly. Under the cancellation was the place, U.S.M.C. Korea.

makes them mad. Now they arrest all the boys and men between 15 and 50 years they can get. They come in the houses to take bicycles. Yesterday they came here, some soldiers with baby faces.

Huub came here to see me for a moment. He should not have done it. It is too dangerous now for him to go outdoors. He told me that they had a raid at school. The physics teacher saw the German officers go into the principal's office, and he quickly warned the boys and teachers in all the classes. They had to jump out of the window and by doing this one boy broke his leg. They caught him and another boy who hid in the closet.

September 25th. I had no time to write for some days. I think I won't write anymore and burn this diary. It is too dangerous to keep one.

I am not at Rita's home anymore. I had to go to another place. Pappa came to see me the day before yesterday. He looked so changed.

I asked him if I could help him. At first he would not let me. Later he said he could use me if I was careful. I am working with them now, and they can use me; the Germans don't suspect a girl of fourteen who just walks in the street.

Pappa is their leader. I have to forget now that he is Pappa; he has another name.

I don't know where Mamma is. Yesterday I had to pass through our street. Our house looked so strange.

April 26, 1945. Six o'clock. At about three o'clock we heard the first plane; people said that was the "scout" plane who had to find the place where they could drop the food. A little while after the first one there came more planes; the air was filled with their snorting.

I was standing on the chimney stack on the roof; all around people climbed up the roofs to see them and to greet them. Behind the houses I saw the Tommies drop little black things, the packets with the food.

A man, standing on the same chimney had brought a red, white, blue flag with him. He laid it on the roof with stones at the corners. As soon as he had done that everybody ran to get a flag; the whole roof was completely covered with orange, red, white and blue.

Flyers waved at us when they came back again to go to the coast to England. People shouted up to them, to thank them, but I don't think they heard us, the planes made such a noise.

I wonder what is in the packets, but I am so afraid that the Germans will take the food even if it is sent by the Red Cross.

I got a cigarette this afternoon.

April 30th. In the morning. We are home again; it is so strange to be together. Pappa has grown so old; his hair is grey now. Mamma cries all the time, she is so happy. I could not yet say if I am happy or not, it is so strange to be home again. I don't yet understand it.



Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

Number 8...THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE



"I don't
go for a wild
pitch!"

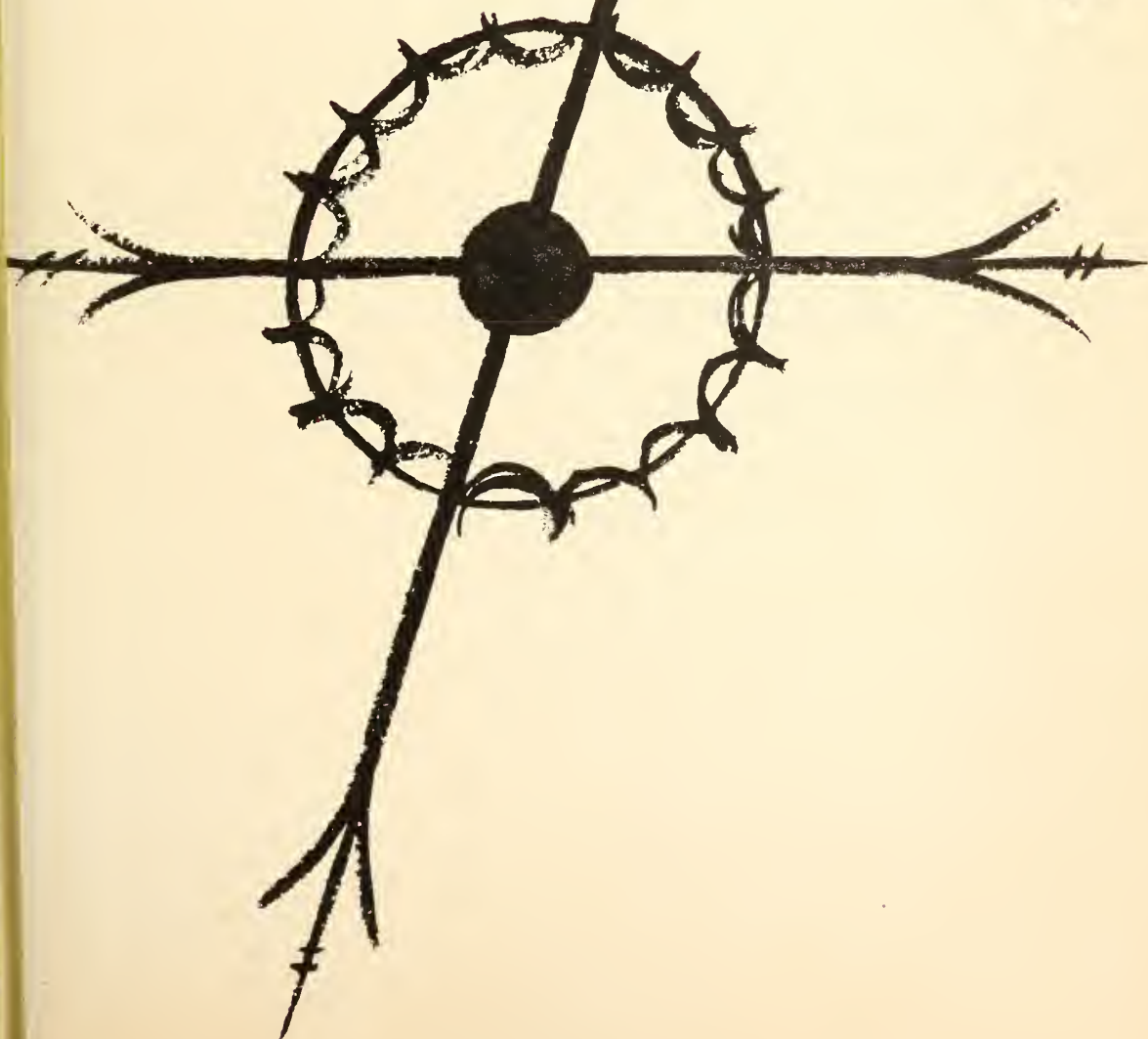
Clean-up man on the baseball nine, this slugger doesn't like to reach for 'em . . . wants it right over the plate. And that's the way he likes his proof of cigarette mildness! No razzle-dazzle "quick-puff" tests for him. No one-whiff, one-puff experiments. There's *one* test, he's discovered, that's *right down the alley!*

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Editorial

In an age where only evil is popular we of the QUARTERLY are asked to become popular. We would be more popular, but we recognize that art and intelligence, unlike our organization, are aristocratic.

As student critics, we select the best art made available to us by the student body. We are continually making way for more democratic participation in the organization and we are trying to present a more popular variety of art.

Our duties remain, as in the past, to encourage creative art on the campus and to offer to the world outside the best artistic efforts of our university.

In Memory of Dick Andrews

A bird has arrowed the sky
Among a whirr of wings,
An empty space behind.

And who would require behind
Of a bird where was excellence before?



The Lake In The Hills

A Water Color

Don Fairman

Observations on Prejudices Prevalent in our Time

A short time ago I happened to read an article in which the program, "Amos 'n Andy," was charged with presenting the American public with a degrading and prejudicial picture of the American Negro. The program, it was claimed, presents two negro characters, a Mr. Amos and a Mr. Andy (whom I have reason to believe are entirely fictitious) as rather stupid, useless, and entirely befuddled characters, and as such, of course, completely detrimental to the character of the entire Negro Race.

I am entirely in agreement with this charge. It is obvious that the creators of this nefarious propaganda have designed their script, not to produce laughs, or to present an amusing half-hour, or even just to make money, but actually to degrade and debase that great race whom most of us are proud to acknowledge as Fellow Americans. For it is a well-known fact, and not to be contested, that the entire Negro population of the United States of America has not a single man in it that bears any similarity whatever to such persons as Amos or Andy.

But this thing is much bigger than one radio program. Throughout our literature, our songs, and our art there lurk similar instances of sneak attacks on some racial group or some religious denomination, sly insertions of degrading figures who, of course, are meant to represent the whole race or group to which they belong. I think it is time for us to begin to weed out this unhealthy filth in our literature, exposing it for what it is—out and out Prejudice! It is to this purpose that I dedicate this paper.

Two figures who immediately come to mind are Shylock, of *The Merchant of Venice*, and Fagan, of *Oliver Twist*. Both of these characters are Jews, and are so portrayed as to give the impression that all Jews, everywhere, are mean, contemptible, avaricious, cowardly, ugly, and despicable creatures, while

every man of true tolerance knows that no single Jew has ever been born who had any of these faults. The authors of the two above-named works (I shall not be so cruel as to name them here and expose them to public vengeance) are well-known for their violent anti-semiticism; let them take fair warning: they must revise their Jewish characters, or remove them from their works.

It may be objected that such revision is difficult—almost impossible, in fact, without changing the whole plot of the story. Poppycock! Fagan for example, could become a violin teacher who, out of the goodness of his heart, teaches his art to poor little homeless waifs, and then sends them out to street-corners, where they would fill the air with their melodious scrapings, and after pass the hat (all proceedings going to charity, of course). The city, however, would have an ordinance against violin-playing, and thus the little tykes would be arrested, not because of the virtuous Fagan, but as a result of the unjust legal systems of our times.

Shylock is even easier to change. In a version inspired by true tolerance, he would be a gourmet, not seeking a man's life, but honestly in search of a pound of flesh with which to prepare that rare delicacy, roast rump of homo sapiens. He makes a deal with a near-by politician whereby he purchases a pound of flesh, to be hacked off said merchant's derriere at an appointed time and place. When the time comes, however, the politician welches on the deal, declaring that portion of his anatomy to be essential in his profession. Shylock, however, insisting upon his natural rights, begins to cut, but, upon observing a certain amount of brain-matter, declares that he cannot in all honesty complete the operation, since his contract does not call for brain, but only beef, and therefore he generously volunteers to forgo

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An Experiment on the Operation of Certain Factors in the Learning of Communicative and Symbolic Behavior

During the last few years Dr. A. J. Fallport and I have been very much interested in the processes by which language is learned by very young children. Well, actually, as a matter of fact we haven't, but as A. J. said to me the other day, "Fred, it is about time we did something really noteworthy in our field (psychology). We have been fooling around for practically forty years now, making surveys on how housewives regard nuclear fission and the political loyalties of Mongaloids. I'd like to do something really significant—and for Pete's sake, let's not use mice. Boy, am I sick of mice." I thought my Colleague had an excellent thought there, so I said, "I'm pretty tired of mice myself. Now, why don't we do an experiment on talking? Everyone has to learn how to talk. We can get away from the mice that way, too; we can use children."

And so begins the history of our present analysis. Although the common belief has long been that children learn to talk through imitative functions, association, the "circular reflex" theory, etc., Dr. Fallport and I have suspected a more subtle and complex factor at work in this process. Our hypothesis, in the main, is this: *Children don't learn to talk at all; they know the words all along, but are hesitant about revealing the fact.* This is no doubt out of fear of the theorists, who would make short work of them if they refused to conform to their ponderous and elaborate theories which have cost a lifetime of work. And darned prudent of the children, too, we think; those theorists are hard to get along with.

The methodology of this experiment was very intricate and worked out at great labor by Dr. Fallport and me. It was in fact so intricate that I don't think I'll bother to explain it to you. I get tired just thinking about it.

At any rate, we first tested the children to find

the average range of their vocabulary. It was found to consist of four principal words, "da", "ma", "bye", and one whose spelling could only be approximated by our semanticist as "uzyghb." He analyzed it as being of Arabic origin through the Hebrew and picking up a little Anglo-Saxon on the way (uzyghb, A. S., a kind of iron tea-kettle).

In order that each child would have an equal chance to learn new words at his own rate, Dr. Fallport and I would approach each one daily when it was in a calm, alert state and repeat this conversation with appropriate gestures:

A. J. (pointing to me) Look-there-is-a-man. The-man-is-tall.

F. P. (pointing to A.J.) See-Arthur. Arthur-has-grey-hair. (Indicating Arthur's—I mean Dr. Fallport's hair.)

It was expected that the child would learn the words "man", "Arthur", and "hair". The term "tall" would not be learned because it is an abstraction, and the child cannot see an abstraction. (Go ahead, picture it for yourself, not a tall anything, but just TALL, TALL, TALL! The late Dr. J. R. Brillo, distinguished author of *Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Paranoiacs*, went mad that way, and if it was good enough for him, it's good enough for you.)

Unfortunately my colleague and I encountered a good many technical difficulties which tended to obscure our findings. One of our most trusted and competent assistants left us at the end of three weeks, handing in his resignation with no other remarks than "See-paper. Paper-means-bye-bye." Another helper, a young R. N., had to be released after we had observed her lying on the floor, staring fixedly at the ceiling, and murmuring over and over the monosyllable "uzyghb."

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The Influence of Communism on the Twentieth Century

That Communism is the most profound and revolutionary socio-economic and religious movement which as yet has shaped the course of human relations is indeed indisputable. Unlike the Christian movement, Communism threatens to engulf the entire globe, totally disintegrating the formerly insurmountable barrier which supposedly existed between oriental and occidental cultures. Communism, child of Marx and Engels, reared by Lenin and Stalin, knows no national boundaries, is thwarted by no religions or creeds alien to its aims; Communism embraces all, while casting off as refuse those segments of humanity and tradition which are detrimental to its continued existence.

This ever-encroaching, dynamic force, Communism, embodying a positive plan of action and directed by energetic, devoted leaders, presents to capitalistic, democratic nations, defenders of the *status quo*, a challenge of overwhelming magnitude. The development of applied science and technocracies to the advanced state they are in at present has whittled the globe down to the size of a minor province, at least in the realm of human relations. This dependence upon utilitarian science has also had the result of de-emphasizing the importance of the study and perhaps partial mastery of the social sciences. Into this world of ill-balanced human understanding and knowledge the overpowering Communist ideology has been interjected; and herein lie the perplexities which are and will be a dominant influence in determining the course of the Twentieth Century.

Centering around the two supposedly antagonistic ideologies of Communism and Capitalism two armed camps have sprung up in this diminutive world of ours, each dedicated to the fulfillment of its aims and the preservation of its ideals. Neither has the advantage of buffer zones, but must, of necessity,

face the other squarely. Neither attempts to comprehend the motives of the other, but blindly each floods its own sphere, and that of its enemy, if possible, with nonsensical propaganda. In order that the "democratic" sphere may combat more successfully the more positive and aggressive Communists, some of democracy's most cherished liberties and ideals have been prostituted in order that the combat be fought on baser but more equal grounds. (In an attempt to eradicate Communism, the American Bill of Rights has been rendered almost worthless by the President and the Supreme Court.) Unequivocally accepting the belief that Communism aims first at destroying her brand of democracy by force, America is sallying off to all corners of the earth displaying in an outstretched hand economic aid for treaties of military alliance; the other hand containing the threatening sword of armed imperialism to awe the recalcitrant.

From the American viewpoint Communism is repulsive, and justifiably so. To a democratic people whose heritage and tradition are of liberty and wealth, slave camps, heartlessly efficient secret police, pre-arranged elections, and a multitude of similar evils are hardly enviable. Yet propaganda has successfully disguised these abominations from ignorant and downtrodden Eurasians, who welcome any change which seems to be for their betterment. And it might well be for their good—Americans are poor judges of the ideals and desires of peoples whose very lives are centered around a struggle for existence or a desire for death. Communism has opened an avenue of material and social advance to millions of people who heretofore have been traditionally subservient. Much tradition, custom, ritual, and idealism which man has accumulated through the ages is being ridiculed and cast aside by both antagonists.

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My Cousin Ben

My cousin Ben is 28 and he is a fool. He is a fool because my Uncle Jack says he is a fool and my uncle should know—he is the third richest man in the city (pop. 73,000) and he lives in a large white house near the beach. He says my cousin is a fool because he lives in a small apartment out in the sticks with the cows mooing around downstairs and the smell of manure floating up through the broken windows. My uncle has large modern windows on his house—in the winter he puts up a special kind of glass called a storm window and in the summer he has bright green screens. But my uncle does not have too much time to look through the windows. He is a very busy man.

My uncle says my cousin is a fool because he reads so much. His small apartment is filled with all kinds of books (mostly second hand) and he is always going to the library and borrowing books or going into the city and taking courses at the University. My uncle has many books in his house—all new with shiny leather covers with pretty gold lettering on the outside. But my uncle does not have too much time to read these books.

My uncle says my cousin is a fool because he and

his wife have one baby and now they want to have another one. My uncle says they cannot afford to have another baby. (Imagine anyone having a baby unless they can afford to give the baby everything available, including a college education.) My uncle has lots of money and can afford to have many children but he only has one son. He is going to give his son everything available.

My uncle says my cousin is a fool because he works in a factory when he doesn't have to. My uncle says no one with education should work in a factory. It is degrading. My uncle is a real-estate dealer and he has his own office with a secretary and a large mahogany desk. He sits behind the desk every day and dictates letters to his secretary. This is a respectable profession.

But the other day when I was walking with my uncle I noticed something very strange. We met my cousin as he was coming down the street and my uncle did not want to look at him. When he finally raised his head and met my cousin's eyes he got all white under his tan and had to look down at the sidewalk again. And then as we were walking home I noticed that my uncle started to tremble.

Jean Ferson

TO MY SUBCONSCIOUS

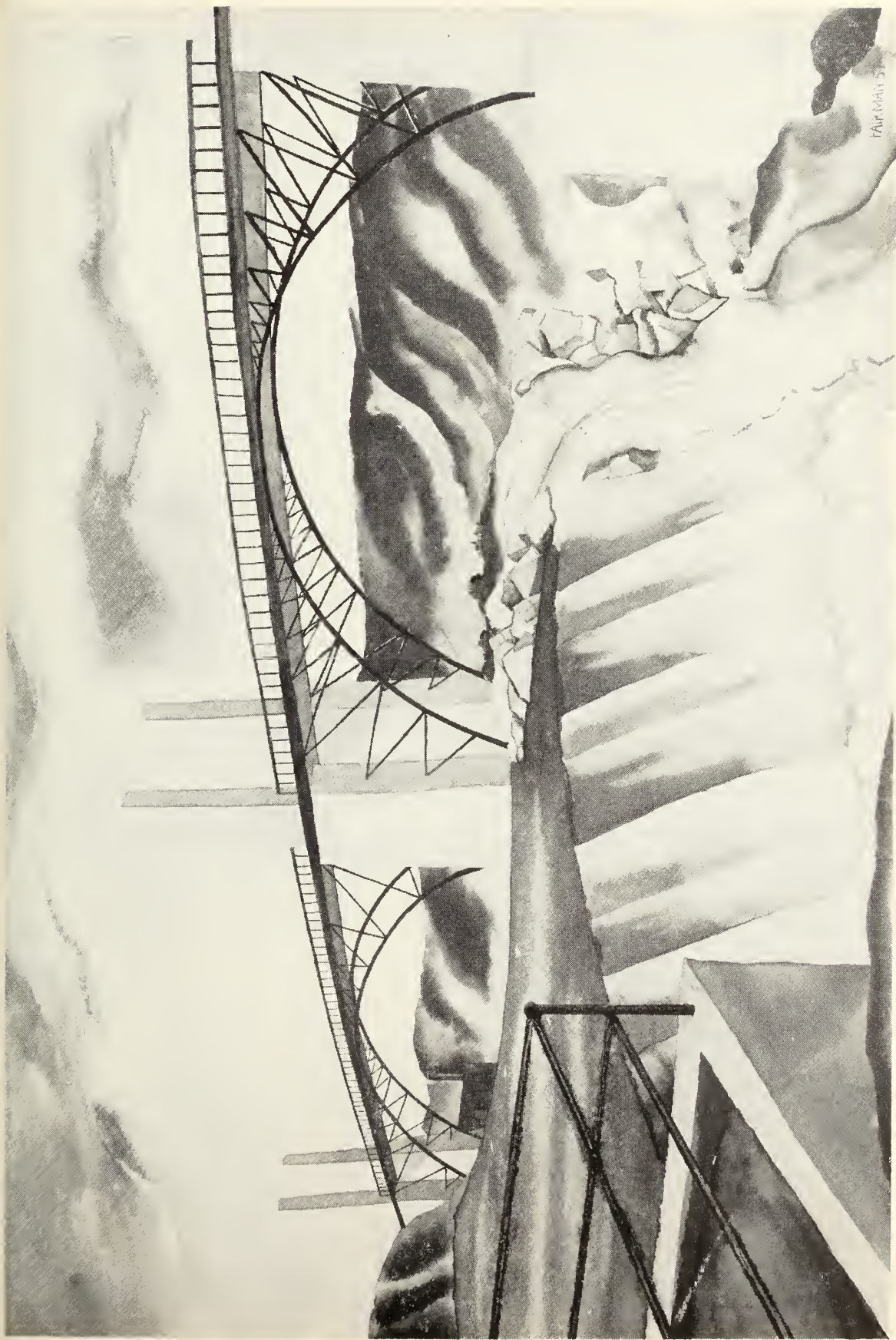
Titanic beast, with passions wild,
Who hides behind this visage mild
And seeks expression in a dream,
Mad greed and lust your only theme—

Why is it that your forceful drive
So indirectly comes alive,
Diluting all that animal glee —
So much more interesting than me!

Bob Davies

CHEEK

If every pinch of the cheek
Were a mark of sin
And not a turning
From the mirror to the mind
All would compete
For the honors of cheek
And no soul would have a mind,
And no mind with soul;
All would be handsome of cheek.



Fairman 5

Bridge and Falls

A Water Color

Don Fairman

Prejudices ...

Continued from page 5

his portion of posterior. The politician's daughter, admiring such fortitude, marries Shylock, making up for his loss, and they all live happily ever after.

I had intended to conclude the essay at this point, when someone, reading over my shoulder, pointed out that it is upon occasion absolutely necessary to have a villain in a plot. Who, pray tell, could be used, without giving offence to a race or religion?

This, admittedly, is a most difficult question to answer. Obviously, such a villain must not be Negro, Jew, Roman or Greek Catholic, Irish, Italian, French, Chinese, Mormon, Indian, German, Jehovah Witness, or member of the Society for the Advancement of the Art of Polecat Skinning. Clearly, the use of a member of any of these groups as a villain would demonstrate the most outrageous kind of prejudice.

Nevertheless, I have come up with a solution to the problem. Henceforth, all villains in our novels, plays, and movies must be white Protestants, born in America, and belonging to no particular political party. If this rule is followed, there can be no cause for complaint. The use of white will not be prejudice, because he might be a negro who has passed the color line, or simply a pale Indian. Protestant will be all right, because there are so many kinds of Protestants, that it can never be determined to which denomination he actually belongs. And as for being born in America, why, we can say that he was born on the lower East Side of New York, and is a criminal because of the evil social conditions of his youth, and not really to blame for his wickedness at all.

Better still, let's cut villains out of our literature altogether. It seems to me that there is enough corruption and evil in the world without filling our stories full of wicked men and sinful women. Why can't authors write nice stories, about people who do good all the time, and give all their money to the poor, and such? It seems to me that with a few such stories to show to our children, there would soon be a lot less murders and killings going on, and people would behave themselves for a change, and be a lot better off.

Experiment ...

Continued from page 6

Despite these minor difficulties, however, Dr. Fallport and I have managed to arrive at a number of conclusions, none of which substantiate our original hypothesis. I'd include them in this paper were it not for the fact that one of our subjects had a bizarre appetite for paper and ate all the data. He also consumed two psychological journals (pretty tough for anyone to digest) and a rare first edition of Freud's "Theory of the Libido, and other Tales" that belonged to Arthur. Arthur, I am afraid, will never get over it. All in all, we feel that the only real revelation was one we had suspected all along. We hate kids. At least mice don't eat first editions, binding and all.

Communism ...

Continued from page 7

onists—and the higher values of life are being debunked in the name of self-defense. The quest for that evasive state of mind, security, through material preparation for war has become an obsession in both of the world camps; for war, it is believed today, is best prevented through the maintenance of gigantic and costly war machines, the internal state of nations being subordinated to an impressive show of arms for the benefit, or caution, of other states.

The Twentieth Century has been and will be the vestibule through which an entirely new age will arrive. This is inevitable, for regardless who the victor of this struggle may be, regardless from where the world will be governed, Washington or Moscow, the alteration will have taken place. The conflict itself will have taken care of this. The rule of scientific militarism will be complete in any case; freedom in any degree will no longer be a right, but either a privilege or, more likely, utterly nonexistent. The struggle, deemed inevitable on both sides, has made the Twentieth Century the hour of militarism. History's foremost lesson, the futility of war, has been repudiated: diplomacy and compromise are judged dishonorable, only brute force affords a solution.

A BIOGRAPHY

I

Emmie heard a fly buzz,
And I have done a million things,
I looked through a hole in the soul,
Screaming for my teething ring,
And just as if there were no laws —
Frightened people with a goal.

II

I saw a hundred thousand flies;
They lived a day and died a mess.
Elephants used to sneak away
And ivory all over themselves.
Then I'd cry — almost to please,
And would go and find a sorceress
To conjure up a matinee.

III

Once a dead Chinaman,
White like a dirty bubble,
Floated down the Whangpoo
While I was busy trimming two
Or three days' sea stubble.

IV

Now I see a silhouette
Of Emmie's fly;
But she nor I
Nor anyone has died yet.

Mark Finer

NORTHERN FIR

A dark giant
High against a grey sky
Standing there
To die lonely.

Its green needles
Spread in spiny hands.
And still it stands,
Straight, pointing
To its only leige
And shadows Earth.

THE SEARCH

I never saw a simple stream
Which ran an unspoiled way
Through tortuous streets or forests dark
In earth; but defiled, did play
The rank and specious, spilling its
Treasures in the earth's dark depths.

Somewhere, in some virgin land,
Perhaps a simple sparrow sings
Above a crystal brook which runs
Not down, but heaven-ward —
Toward stars and suns —
Perhaps. But, no. That cannot be.

I've searched the hills and the forest,
I've tried the valley, the glen,
I've looked in the city's dim-lit park,
The country farm — and the temple!
But nowhere found that simple stream,
Which, undefiled, pursues the dream —
The God — the light — the way.

Wayne Marcotte

CLOUDS

Butterflies across the dome
Sail in silence to the moon,
Dip into the waiting flower,
Then drift, rapid,
Until sun, off black wings,
Proclaims the hour
Which ends nocturnal motion.
The rest, and wait
To release the night from white cocoons.
And fly again to moon-flowers.
And drift again in azure bowers.

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